VOGUE

Fashion and Fur Forecast

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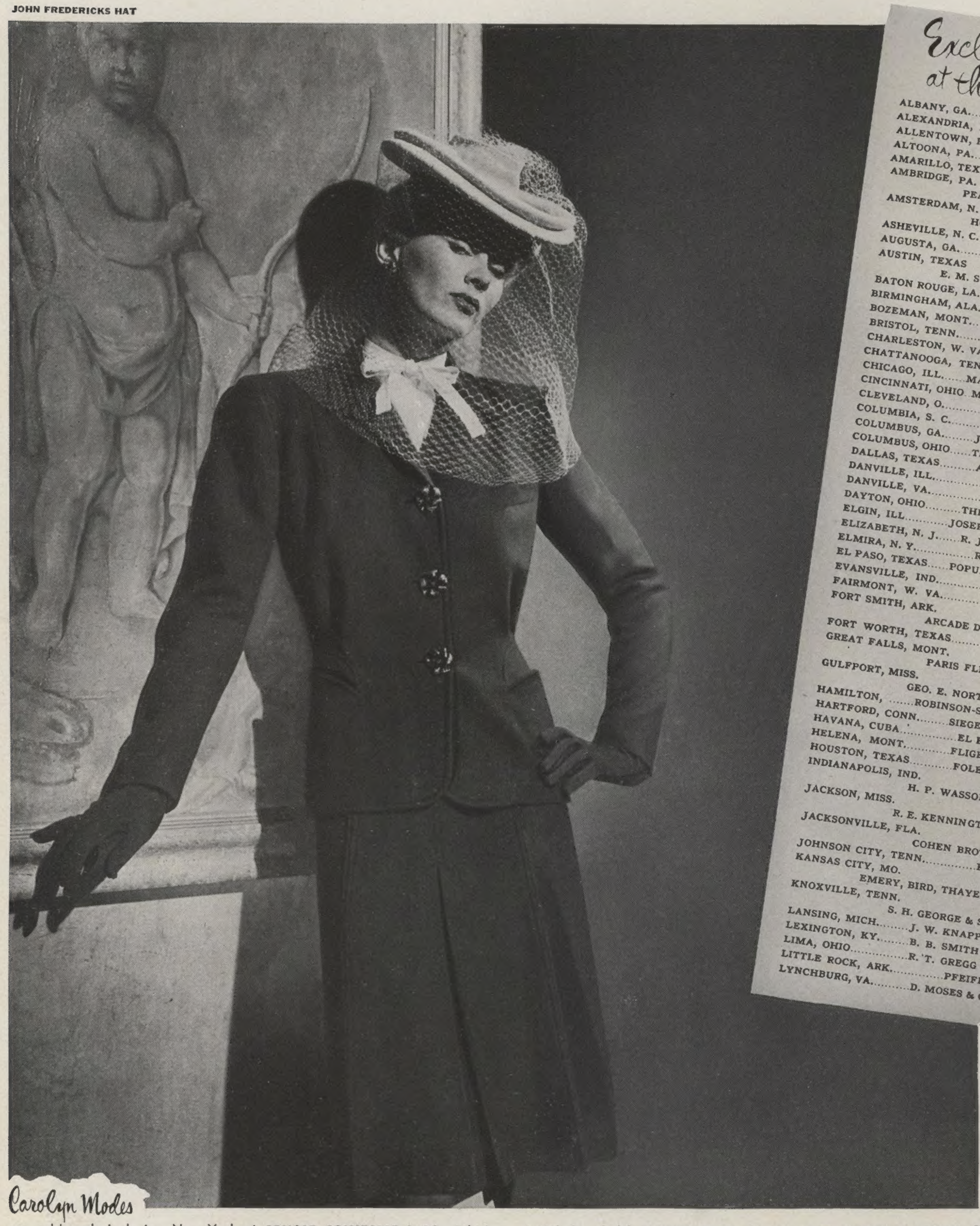

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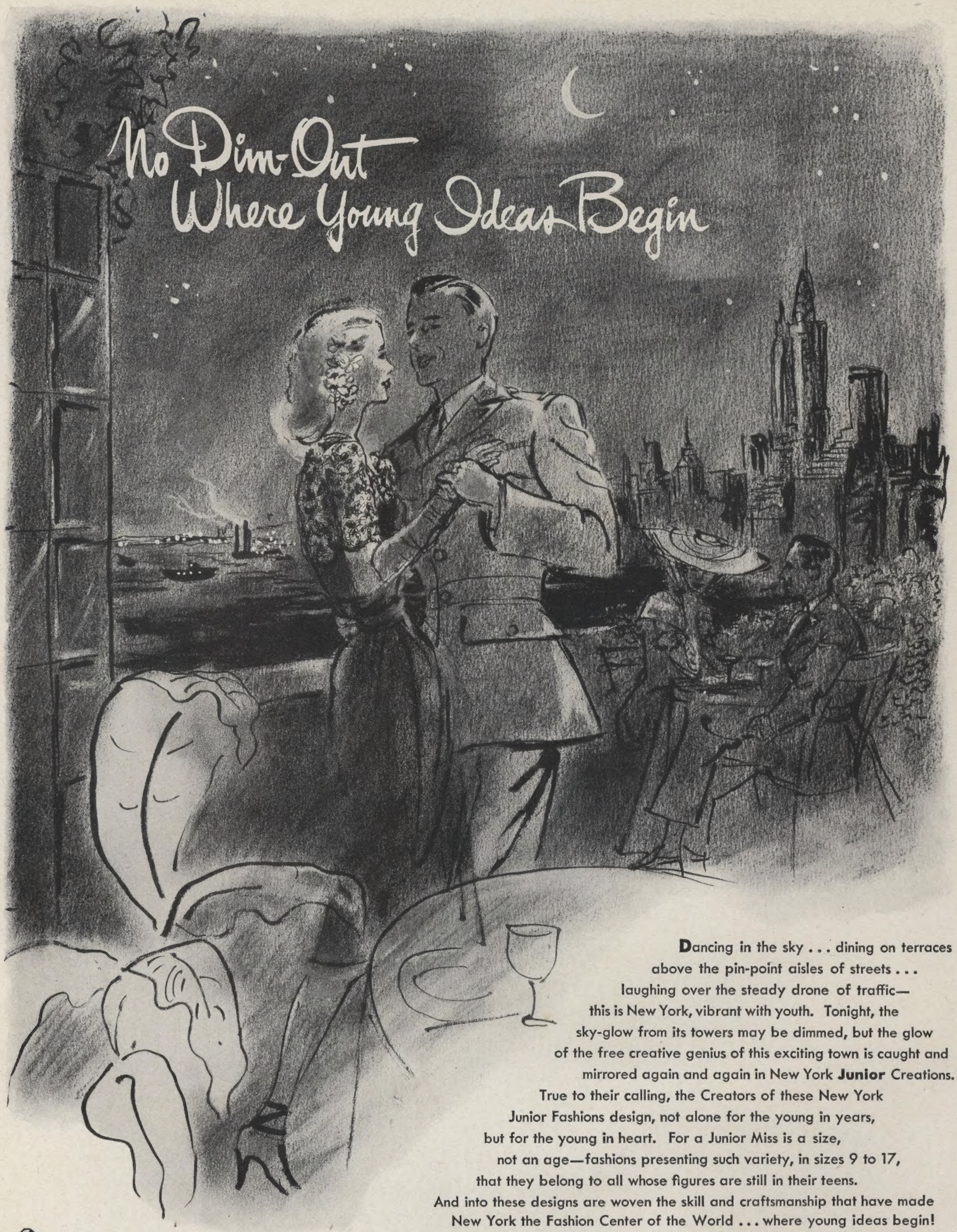

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Vol. 102, No. 2
Whole No. 1702

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WAGO HAYES HAT
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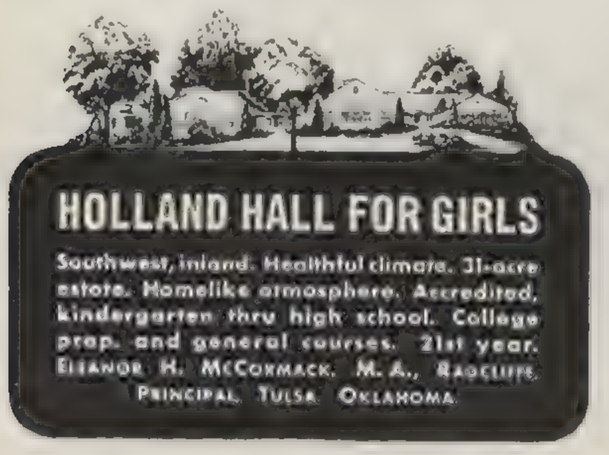

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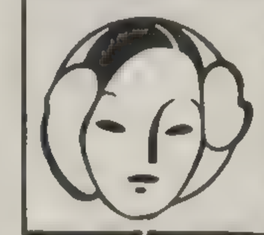

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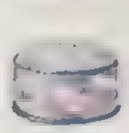

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ON THE COVER. Summer Reader. Time off with overtime pay in interest. Enka rayon crêpe shirtwaist and slacks; Clare Potter design. Under $40. Pond's "Heart Throb" lipstick—a pastel red. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Marshall Field

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(French Vogue is temporarily suspended)

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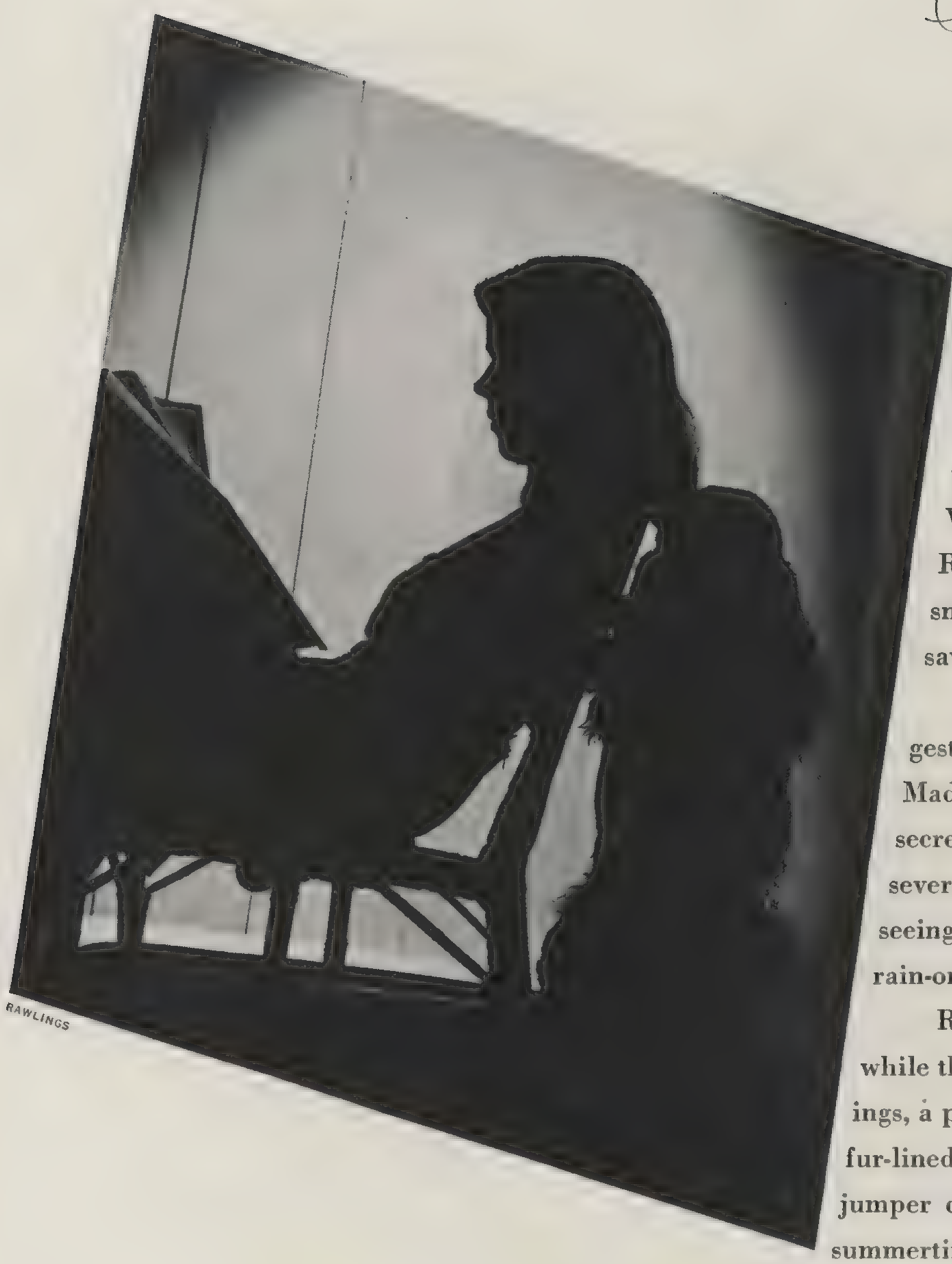
Vogue's-Eye View of the Summer Reader



"If You Can't Ride, Read!"—that's the summer slogan of bookshops. If you can't sail, fly, swim, drive, play a love-set of tennis with your best beau...then READ. Read anyway. It's a capsule vacation. Read herein the wit and wisdom of Winston Churchill. Read what the Duchess of Windsor thinks about clothes, food, running a house. Read who could, *did*, frighten Bertrand Russell, the snowy-haired pundit who has frightened many a U.S. savant. Read Zero Mostel, the private with NO privacy.

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Read in the shifting shadow of a beach umbrella, while the sun runs up a permanent pair of sun-tan stockings, a prophecy of autumn fashions: the inside story of fur-lined coats, of fur coats, the 1926 revival of the jumper dress, the beret. Sit still in the midst of time, summertime, and see yourself around the bend of autumn.

Here begin six pages of inside information on The Coat of The Year...greatcoat, short coat, formal coat...dark or brilliant... inexpensive or not...all with fur interiors

FUR-LINED COAT

A WARM coat this winter will mean almost as much to you as it does to your postman. You know already what the picture of urban-interurban transportation will be: you'll wait for a bus...or walk. You may be one of the active, busy women with part of the world on their shoulders who must go out to training centres, to hospitals, to a daily job. A cloth coat somehow fits this practical, forthright scene. A cloth coat as warm as fur. A fur-lined coat! Whatever its guise or disguise—the fur-lined coat is The Coat of the Year.

Look inside any cloth coat this year: pea jacket, Chesterfield, dinner-coat, box-coat, fitted coat. You *may* find fur. *Any* fur. You'll see skunk, nutria, black or grey Persian lamb, lapin—sometimes dyed a brilliant colour, sometimes stenciled. Muskrat in wide silver panels. Broadtail. Ermine. Mink. The coats across the page and on the following page are typical of the rugged, bright, brief little fur-lined overcoats. Navy-blue with lemon-yellow, scarlet with nutria, a purple one (not shown) with a Persian lamb lining. High fashion. Practical fashion over suits. Their brightness, richness, the flourish of wearing them thrown over your shoulders make them gallant. A warm pleasure.

There are great-lady fur-lined coats. Such is the grey coat with a black Persian lamb lining on page 17. Persian lamb inside. Persian lamb outside in the lapels and muff... Such is the wonderful, narrow, unrelieved black-black coat to hold together in the manner of the late 'Twenties. Its lining, coal-black lapin. Capes are in this company, too. One side tweed; the other, fur. These, unlike fur-lined coats, are reversible. Also the mink-lined black coats. You'll buy these realizing that you have acquired not only a beautiful day coat, but admittedly one of the most important evening coats of this formal short-dress season. These are as handsome as any fur coat—and they may be almost as expensive.

Look for the coat with the concealed fur lining. Worked so skilfully that it achieves—even with fur facing throughout—a perfectly slender waist, smooth shoulders, a bulklessness and softness that you can only be expected to believe by seeing it (see one on page 18). The exact opposite is the big, boxed coat, the overcoat, the Chesterfield. Fairly reasonable. Frankly roomy. Wear them with little head-hugging fur hats, fur Ascots to match. Any of these fur-lined coats are admirable for facing winter. Like a snug, insulated house you love.

FUR-LINED PEA JACKET ➡

Pea jacket. Navy-blue fleece. Thirty-three inches long. Lined with Bombay lamb dyed mustard-yellow. Kraus Original. Sizes 10 to 16. About $145. Grey wool suit. Sizes 12 to 20. $85. Both at Bonwit Teller; Carson Pirie Scott; Blum's, Phila. Ostrich bag; Mark Cross. Lugene spectacles

HORST

50
MACH
PEDES

1

FUR SIDE...INSIDE

THE Coat of the Year is any of these: the bright red officer's short coat opposite, the long cape, or the feminine greatcoat. Inside them all is a silver lining, the lining of fur.

1. Yellow wool tuxedo coat with muskrat worked like mink; $385. Stroock's yellow tweed suit; $90. Sizes 10 to 16. From Henri Bendel.

2. A cape to love. One side black imported tweed. The other, cocoa-brown nutria. For day or evening. A Philip Mangone design. Sizes 12 to 20. $335. From Bonwit Teller.

3. Chesterfield of Juilliard black Master Fabric (75% wool, 25% fur). Buttoned up, it gives no clue to its civet-cat lining. A Kraus Original. Sizes 12 to 20. $295. Bonwit Teller.

4. Imported grey tweed greatcoat with Persian lamb. Aralac-interlined sleeves. $425. Over a slender, grey, paneled suit. Philip Mangone designs. $100. Sizes 12 to 20. Bonwit Teller.

Opposite page. Little Red Coat with its fur side nutria. Its outside, Juilliard's Master Fabric. 33-inch length. About $285. Honey-beige suit, under $90. Sizes 10 to 16. Nutria skull-cap; $45 (without clips). All: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin; Marshall Field.

2

3

LUIS LEMUS

4

MORE FUR-LINED COATS ON NEXT TWO PAGES

HORST

FITTED AND FUR-LINED

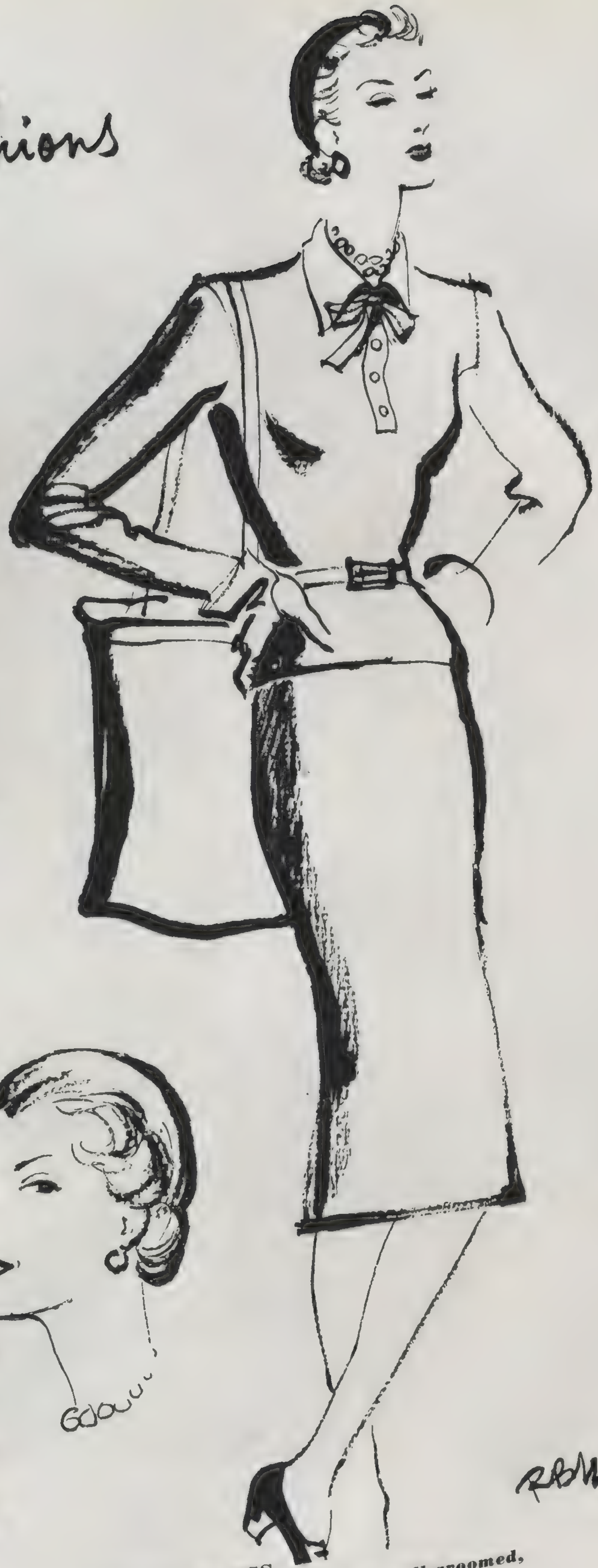
If you saw only the girl standing at the right, would you believe that her slim, closely-fitted, double-breasted coat was fully lined with fur? Its slender waist, smooth shoulders are enough to rout all former notions of the bulk of fur-lined coats. Grey Forstmann wool, lined with Tingona lamb (American broadtail). Sizes 12 to 20. About $210. Altman. Hattie Carnegie's Dutch cap; $29. Both at Nan Duskin, Phila.; Himelhoch's

LOOSE AND FUR-LINED

This is the coat that you like because *it is* boxy, with curving shoulders, straight lines. Made like a little boy's burberry. Of brown Juilliard melton. Its interior—striking zebra-stenciled lapin. About $175. Brown suit, Juilliard Master Fabric, 100% worsted. About $90. Sizes 10 to 20. Companions: snug cap of stenciled lapin, big cravat. Each under $15. All at Lord and Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; and Bonwit Teller, Phila.

1926 Ideas in 1943 Fashions

LOOK through a Vogue of 1926. You'll see a striking forecast of the fashions of autumn, 1943. The trimness, the flawlessness of the jumper dress. Close-cropped small head, not-a-hair-out-of-place look. Snug little hats: the cloche, the baby bonnet. 1926 was a winter of handsome tailleurs, waistcoats. Of the black velvet suit. Of white gloves. White furs. Of wool jersey "simples." So, we fore-see, will be 1943 fashions. Now, as then, there are wrap-around coats, without fastening. Coats faced with fur, tuxedo fashion. Evening dresses, then, were elegant slips. Short and bare. So are 1943's. Herewith are four pages of curiously parallel ideas... Reminiscent prophecies.



SHORT HAIR
Close-cropped hair shaped as if you were wearing a cap... jewelled skull-cap...baby bonnet

JUMPER DRESS
No single dress has equalled the well-groomed, trim look of the jumper dress of the 20's. Here again. Wear it with a neat, small hat; large bag

FRINGED CHEMISE

The naked, narrow-strapped, short evening dress
for very formal evenings. Narrow skirt.
Jewelled clips in hair or on the belt.
Worn under straight, stark-black coats.
Often with fur linings.
Wide-mesh black stockings.

CARDIGAN

Slim dinner-suit.
Straight cardigan over an
elaborate jewelled evening blouse.
High-necked or
low oval décolletage

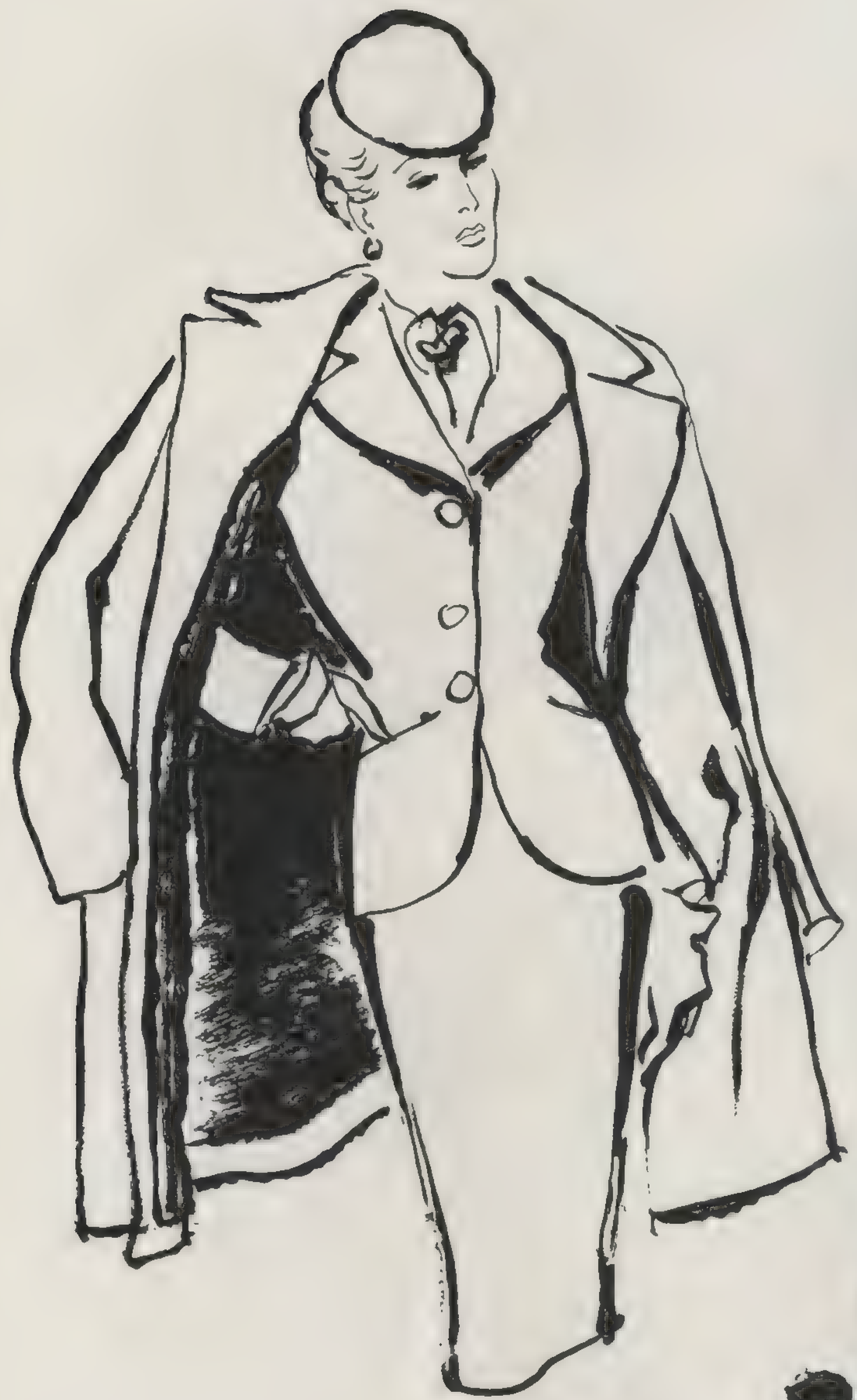
JEWELLED JUMPER

Worn under a plain black suit. Tight skirt.
Extremely bare, jewelled evening jumper.
Tiny jewelled or back-of-the-head hat

FOR MORE 1926 INFLUENCES, TURN THE PAGE ⟶

1926 Ideas in 1943 Fashions

(Continued)



TAILORED SUIT

Simple suit important for night or day. Under top-coats lined with nutria, dyed lapin, stenciled lapin, Persian lamb, dyed lambskin, opossum, mink

SHEATH

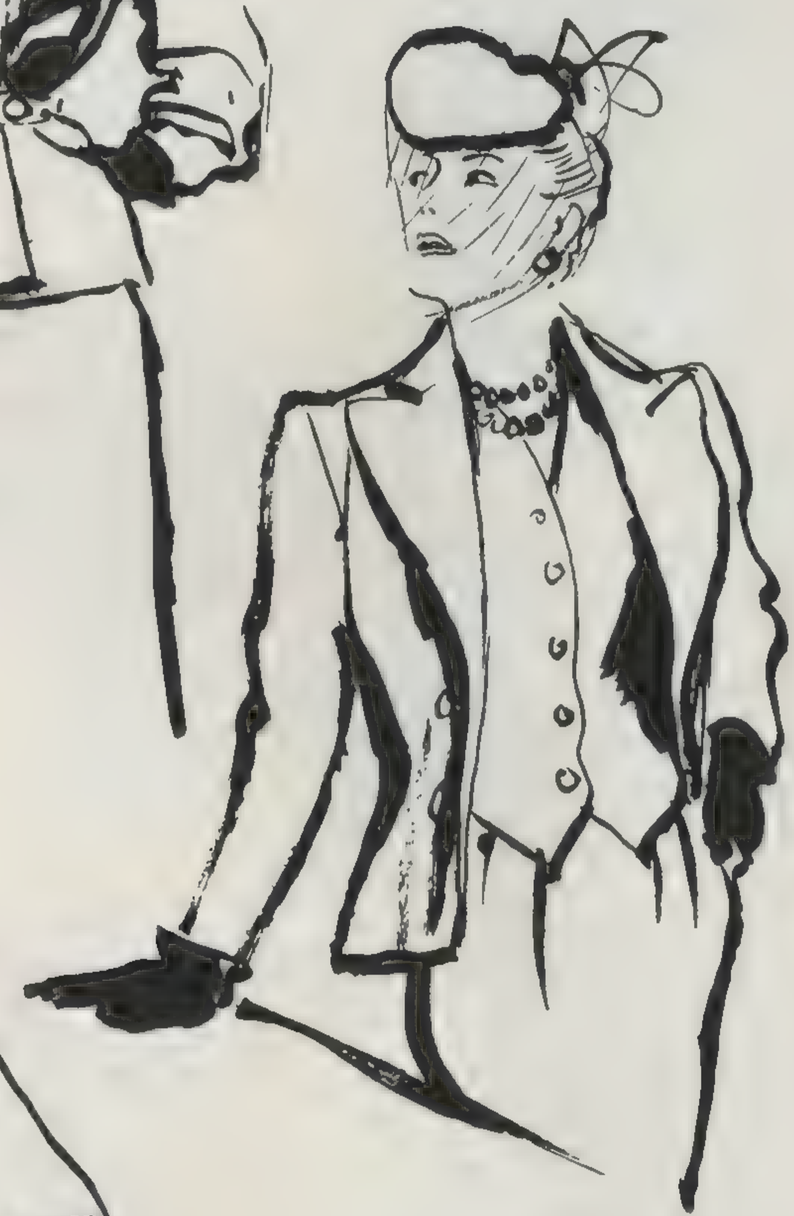
Straight evening sheath can be transformed by a long scarf, jewelled jacket. Arms bare. Bateau neck-line

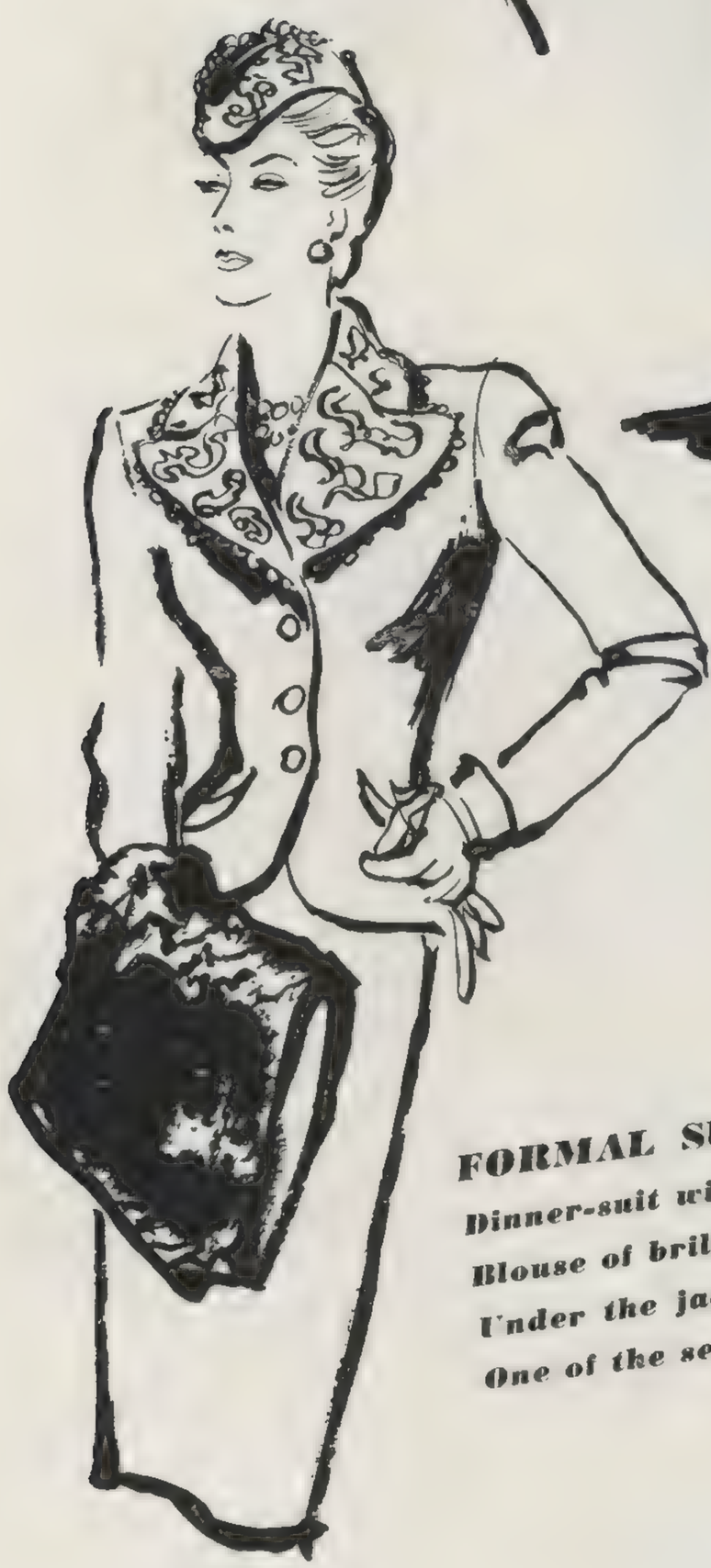
BOW-NECKS

Blouses again more "half-a-dress" than an accessory to a suit. Big bow-necks. Turn-back cuff-hat pinned with a large jewel

FURRED SUITS

All furred suits important.
From the casual grey tweed...
nutria- or opossum-trimmed...
to the elegant velvet with ermine





WAISTCOAT SUIT

Severely tailored suit.
Waistcoat, trouser-crease skirt.
Worn with feminine accessories.
Important jewellery

FORMAL SUIT

Dinner-suit with embroidered revers.
Blouse of brilliant or pastel jewelled satin.
Under the jacket—naked, halter top.
One of the season's important dinner silhouettes

TRENCH-COATS

Trench-coats, bigger than ever, big fashion.
More pulled-in-at-the-waist, more enveloping.
Wool, wool and fur cloth, velvet-trimmed.
Some have small fur cuffs.
Of course, a snug hat, neatly-groomed head

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The burned, torn battle-flags at Annapolis—they seem aged enough for Admiral John Paul Jones, but, instead, they are labeled *U.S.S. Shaw, Dec. 7, 1941*... The curious, pure beauty of Lena Horne, with her moan of delight, in the movie, "Cabin in the Sky"... The echo of idiocy in the table-cloth plans of those who want to clean up the Far East before finishing in Europe... The great Albert Einstein, now a Navy Department employee, trying to work out some new mysteries in explosives... The show of needling caricatures at the Norlyst Art Gallery by those two witty girls: Aline Fruhauf, whose delicate paintings are knowing, puncturing; and Paula Laurence, whose wire portraits, twists of tubing, Brillo, shoe buttons, have the same spontaneous flirt as her songs...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... General de Gaulle, since June, 1940, the steadfast rallying point for the men inside France; controversial point for many loyal Frenchmen in the world outside... The pop-up story of the gallant Royal Air Force Sergeant Pilot Cohen who, ahead of schedule and without protocol, accepted the surrender of Lampedusa... The undimmed hilarity of war spenders all over the country... The out-of-this-world, old-fashioned *chichi* of the night-place, Monte Carlo Gardens, with its garden fernery, its grass floor... "Early to Bed," the new musical that triumphs over a mortuary plot by the sunny, dimpling pleasures of its songs...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The newest weather comment, "It's Solomons' weather"... Pearl Primus, the extraordinary Negro dancer at Café Society Downtown, who has the springing, leggy muscles of a deer, as she dances an amalgam of Martha Graham, Africa, Charles Weidman, the Savoy Ballroom, and Hunter College... Brigadier Wingate, the new Lawrence of the Near East; he organized the Ethiopians, then led them to the Italians... Gathering needles and thread for Russian War Relief... Western Union's advertisement for "men over fifty to come out of retirement to become delivery *boys*"...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The new Marine Air Corps song, "Sailors of the Air," by Cole Porter... The new wonders of the Stadium Concerts, better than ever, all to the final credit of that grey-haired battler for music, Minnie Guggenheimer... The pseudonym for pom-pom anti-aircraft guns; the Air Force calls them "Chicago pianos." The haymaker swipe by Rebecca West, England's most brilliant critic, at the book, *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson: "If a Channel Fog wrote history, it would have much the same attitude to time and the sequence of events as Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson—but a Channel Fog would presumably be less biased"...

LOOK OVER YOUR SHOULDER (opposite)

The off-the-shoulder dinner-dress needs a flawless complexion—right down to here. If you wear it, you might wear, too (as the model does here), "Models' Special" make-up. This foundation, by Bree, sponges an even colour over your skin, from hair-line to neck-line. A colour that takes to your sunlight and lamp-lit complexion as easily as to hers in the studio's glare. The dress, of wool, hand-loomed to look hand-knit, was designed by Hattie Carnegie. File it under "Now" for coolish resorts; under "Future" for town. The jewels: Seaman Schepps. Iron couch: Olivieri.

RAWLINGS

HORST

The Duchess of Windsor

Jotted down

by Wallis Windsor

(The above title, "Jotted Down," is in the characteristic handwriting of the Duchess of Windsor.)

HORST

LIKE everybody else, we live from hand to mouth, for flexibility is a great wartime necessity... Government House at Nassau is on a completely wartime schedule... The Duke spends all day at his office; I spend mine at the United Services Canteen, the Negro Canteen, the Red Cross, and the two Infant Welfare Clinics that we founded... The Canteen caters for six hundred to eight hundred men, who drop in every day, with more on pay-day... It means, of course, that I must be at the Canteen some time every day, and I often go into the kitchen to lend a hand, cooking eggs for the boys, staying there for several hours when we are short of workers... This means, of course, that my household must be organized thoroughly...

...The secret of running an attractive house is the personal touch... I enjoy housekeeping... In wartime, I have to make just whirlwind tours every morning and see that all is in order... I am always moving things about; my doctor said to me once that he could build me up if I'd "stop moving ash-trays three inches."...

...The flowers and table decorations at Government House are done by me... We use for the table mainly native fruits, the lovely papaya, the breadfruit... Since all our silver was left behind in France, I use glass on the table—red ruby glass with red-and-white glass epergnes and a red bowl in the centre. Unfortunately, our bowl is too low, and I have to build it up with tiers of broken kitchen china before filling it with beautiful shining fruit... I string long vines of lovely Nassau greens, with glass grapes attached, down the table...

...Because of the war, we have, of course, a great number of one-night guests, many of them members of military and naval missions stopping off on their way. That is the only entertaining that we do at all in wartime... Every bit of flexibility that I possess is called on then. Generals, Admirals, and their Aides-de-Camp arrive suddenly, or, when expected, do not arrive at all...

...Although someone said that hot water, a good bed, and a good reading-light were the three cardinal virtues of a guest-room, I never ask my guests if they are comfortable. They might tell me, and their minor complaint might be something that I could not remedy... Like everybody else, I have a pet economy. I save soap. The guests get new cakes of soap. His Royal Highness jokes about it, and says that, since he married me, he has never had a new cake of soap. We, the Duke, his Aide-de-Camp, and I, all use the soap the guests leave... (*Continued on page 74*)

← *The Duchess of Windsor* **(opposite)**

A new portrait taken during her recent visit to New York with H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor. The Duke and his Duchess hold their place in public imagination after six years, as shown by the swelling applause they received when they visited Congress to hear Winston Churchill

RAWLINGS

BARE BACKS UNDER COVER

Like a brilliant party behind blackout curtains—the short, bare, soignée dress that hides its light under a jacket. Nights when transportation is the hardest distance between two points, these muted little suits can go out circumspectly. Take off the jacket, and take on formality.

• Above: Black wool suit, the jacket's gold-crusted revers edged with Persian lamb. Pink satin bareback waistcoat blouse. Hattie Carnegie Original; I. Magnin; Marshall Field; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia.

• Opposite: Black wool skirt, pailletted halter, fuchsia wool jacket (on the table). The suit, $50. The halter blouse, $40. An Adele Simpson design at Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's; Famous-Barr. →

RAWLINGS

The Jewelled Beret You see it above—the beret circled, clustered with jewels. You might have seen it in mediæval Russia, on a junior-size prince. You'll see it now, worn with jewel-buttoned wool dresses, keeping its look of scale-model magnificence. John-Frederics' jewelled beret; under $40. Frederick and Nelson; Harzfeld's; Scruggs-Vandervoort

The Last Wit

Every time he opened his mouth, he made an enemy or an epigram

BY VIRGINIA FAULKNER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Virginia Faulkner is enough of a rara avis to rate an Audubon colour page. She's a professional gag-writer whose amateur jokes are funny and frequent, and whose approach to other people's wit is more appreciative than predatory.*

In the volatile course of her thirty years, she augmented the humour of the radio show, "Duffy's Tavern," two years ago; has written for the "Washington Post"; and has had three books published ("Friends and Romans," "The Barbarians," and "My Hey-Day"). She also spent a couple of years in Hollywood, turning out some rather terrific scripts for M.G.M.]

WHATEVER else historians may find to say about the twenty-year interlude between Acts One and Two of the World War—and poor notices are expected—, they will have to acknowledge that in the United States, at least, the inhabitants went all out for freedom of speech. It was a period of unparalleled garrulity: not only did human beings talk, but so did everything else. Telephones talked, phonographs talked, radios talked, pictures talked, even—remember?—Garbo Talked. The only person who kept his mouth shut, after remaining unmolested in The White House for quite a spell, chose to walk, not run, to the nearest political exit, and, with his departure, the last trace of taciturnity vanished from the American scene.

The decade which followed—1930 to 1940—was truly the Golden Age of Gab: the age of the commercial plug, the fireside chat, and the honest-to-god lowdown; the age of wisecracks and double talk; above all, the age of gossip. Since Eden, people have gossiped, but not until modern science took a hand were they able to do so on a global scale. Dishing the dirt, once a parlour sport, became the National Pastime; and even in small towns, the gossip was big league.

Twenty-four hours after Sally Silly was barred from the Stork Club (for setting fire to a chair containing an ice-hockey player), society in Running Hen, Idaho, was speculating about the consequences of this electrifying misdemeanour. Moreover, hardly a maid or matron in Running Hen who could not tell you exactly how Mrs. Jacques Bounce, III. —one of the Jersey Bounces—managed to rid herself of fourteen pounds and a husband during her stay at Hot Springs; why Ormsbert "Sonny" Snavely broke his engagement to Fluffy de Petersen; where Countess Gogo Gulyas (the former Zenda Louise Lesher, heiress to the Lesher popcorn millions) went to be treated for dropsy; with whom the band leader, Alan Vital, would next share his popular bed; *and*—what George Kaufman said about Tallulah Bankhead, what Charlie MacArthur said about Sam Goldwyn, what Gypsy Rose Lee said about Sinclair Lewis, what Oscar Levant said about Harpo Marx, what Noel Coward said about Moss Hart, and what Dorothy Parker said about one and all.

I have reminded you at such length of the quality and quantity of the decade's small-talk because, without this background well in mind, such a person as Carey Wilder might seem utterly improbable. Yet he did exist; he was, for a time, the king of the back-room *bon-mot* artists, a master of plain and fancy malice, a runner-downer, a back-stabber: in other words, a wit. Every time he opened his mouth, he made an enemy or an epigram, often both. He was a fascinating and dreadful man.

When you were with Carey, you were under the illusion that the two of you were the wittiest people in the world. And, in the Age of Gab, that seemed very important. Of course, when you were away from him the spell wore off, and you said: "Never again!" But then the next time Carey turned up somewhere—usually in the centre of a group or at the head of a table, for he had the knack, which some women have, of locating himself so that he always seemed to be holding court—the moment he spotted you, he would inquire of the room at large: "Did you hear the marvellous thing this doll-baby (meaning you) said the other night?" And he would repeat, with embellishments, some anecdote in which you appeared to advantage.

In some cases, the *mot* with which you were credited might never have passed your lips, but there were few complaints. I remember at least one lady who gained a great reputation as a card because of this habit of Carey's.

THE lady—let's call her Fran—was the relict of a serious-minded gentleman many years older than she, and so his death, according to Carey, was a release for both of them. Although Fran's stock of repartee was limited to "A fine thing!" and "I'll say!"—ejaculations which she delivered at regular intervals like a cuckoo clock—Carey attributed to her such remarks as, concerning Mickey Rooney: "Nothing's wrong with him that a little obscurity wouldn't cure"; of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, "They're the poor man's Lunts"; of President Roosevelt, "Well, at least he made the trains run on time."

Yet only once did I ever hear Fran laugh—without coaching, that is—at a quip of Carey's. That was when she asked him to call for her one evening, and he said, "Okay, Fran. But I won't come in; I'll just honk." She lived in a penthouse, so this killed her.

One of Carey's oldest friends was an actress who, just as he did, had a reputation for outstaying her welcome. On a day when someone had foolishly invited her for cocktails, there was a long stage-wait after she was announced on the house phone.

"What do you suppose has become of her?"

"She's telling them where to put her trunks," said Carey.

This was the same woman with whom he had a feud lasting three or four years, during all of which time they did not speak. At last, they happened to pass one another in the middle of the Broadway and Forty-second Street intersection. It was during the hour when traffic was heaviest, but, just after she went by, Carey hailed her. The actress was so touched she took him home to dinner.

"It was big of you to make the first move," she said sentimentally. "What came over you? Why did you do it?"

"Because," Carey told her, "I hoped that when you turned around to speak to me, you'd be run over by a truck."

Carey was at his malignant best with actresses. There was the time that he was introduced *(Continued on page 79)*

Keep Right On to the End

"We must move forward together, united and inexorable"

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *A living and lively legend, the Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, also happens to be a remarkably lucky man. Not the least of his luck is his native talent for speaking the King's English royally well. His small talk is literature. His more considered speech is both literature and history.*

Soon to be published by Little, Brown and Company is a collection of his War Speeches, telegrams, cables, and comments in the House of Commons, called "The End of the Beginning." One of those talks, spoken to the people of Edinburgh last October, is published here for the first time in this country. In his introduction, he gave this charming tribute to Scotland: "Wherever the Stone of Scone shall rest, the Scottish race shall reign." Present in the book are certain less publicized comments. A Member of the House of Commons asked the Prime Minister to make a "categorical denunciation" of Laval. Mr. Churchill replied—and he spoke as a practising philologist—"I am afraid I have rather exhausted the possibilities of the English language."]

OUR enemies have been more talkative lately. Ribbentrop, Goering, and Hitler have all been making speeches which are of interest because they reveal with considerable frankness their state of mind.

There is one note which rings through all these speeches; it can be clearly heard above their customary boastings and threats—the dull, low, whining note of fear. They are all speeches of men conscious of their guilt and conscious also of the law. How different from the tone of 1940 when France was struck down, when Western Europe was subjugated, when Mussolini hastened to stab us in the back, when Britain stood alone, the sole champion in arms for the freedom and inheritance of mankind. How different are these plaintive speeches and expostulations from what we used to hear in those days.

Evidently something has happened in these two years to make these evildoers feel that aggression, war, bloodshed, the trampling down of the weak, may not be, after all, the whole story. There may be another side to the account. It is a long account, and it is becoming pretty clear that the day is coming when it will have to be settled. The most striking and curious part of Hitler's speech was his complaint that no one pays sufficient attention to his victories.

HITLER'S LAMENT, THE CHILL IN HIS MARROW

"LOOK at all the victories I have won," he exclaims in effect. "Look at all the countries I have invaded and struck down. Look at the thousands of kilometers that I advanced into the lands of other people. Look at the booty I have gathered, and all the men I have killed and captured. Contrast these exploits with the performances of the Allies. Why are they not downhearted and dismayed? How do they dare to keep up their spirits in the face of my great successes and their many misfortunes?"

I have not quoted his actual words. I have given their meaning and their sense. That is his complaint. That is the question which puzzles him and angers him. It strikes a chill into his marrow because in his heart he knows that with all his tremendous victories and vast conquests his fortunes have declined, his prospects have darkened to an immeasurable degree in the last two years, while at the same time Britain, the United States, Russia, and China have moved forward through tribulation and sorrow, steadily forward, steadily onward, from strength to strength. He sees with chagrin and amazement that our defeats are but steppingstones to victory, and that his victories are only the steppingstones to ruin.

It was apparent to me that this bad man saw quite clearly the shadow of slowly and remorselessly approaching doom, and he railed at fortune for mocking him with the glitter of fleeting success. But, after all, the explanation is not so difficult.

When peaceful nations like the British and the Americans, very careless in peacetime about their defenses, carefree, unsuspecting nations, peoples who have never known defeat—improvident nations, I will say, feckless nations, nations who despise the military art and thought war so wicked that it could never happen again—when nations like these are set upon by highly-organized, heavily-armed conspirators, planning and calculating in secret for years on end, exalting war as the highest form of human effort, glorifying slaughter and aggression, prepared and trained to the last point science and discipline can carry them, is it not natural that the peaceful, unprepared, improvident should suffer terribly and that the wicked, scheming aggressors should have their reign of savage exaltation?

OUR GREATEST GLORY AND THE HAND OF STEEL

AH! But that is not the end of the story. It is only the first chapter. If the great, peaceful Democracies could survive the first few years of the aggressors' attack, another chapter had to be written. It is to that chapter we shall come in due time.

It will ever be the glory of this island and its Empire that we stood alone for one whole year of mortal peril, and gained the time for the good cause to arm, to organize and slowly bring the conjoined, united, irresistible forces of outraged civilization to bear upon the criminals. That is our greatest glory.

Fear is the motive which inspires Hitler's latest outrage. From the North Cape in Norway to the Spanish frontier near Bayonne, a distance apart from its inner indentations of nearly two thousand miles, the German invading armies are holding down by brute force and terrorism the nations of Western Europe. Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France—all are in Hitler's grip, all are seething with the spirit of revolt and revolution. Except in Denmark, whose turn will come, the Nazi firing parties are busy. Every day innocent hostages and prominent citizens are arrested haphazard and taken out and shot in cold blood, and every day hatred of the German race and name burns fiercer in the hearts of these ancient, famous States and peoples.

The British Commando raids at different points along this enormous length of coast, although so far only the fore-

runner of what is to come, inspire the author of so many crimes and miseries with lively anxiety. His soldiers dwell among populations who would kill them with their hands if they got the chance, and will kill them one at a time when they do get the chance. In addition, there comes out of the sea from time to time a hand of steel which plucks the German sentries from their posts with growing efficiency, amid the joy of the whole countryside.

In his fear and spite, Hitler turns upon the prisoners of war who are in his power, just as he takes innocent hostages from his prisons in Norway, Belgium, Holland, France, to shoot them in the hope of breaking the spirit of their countrymen. So in flattest breach of the few conventions which still hold across the lines of world war, he vents his cruel fear and anger upon the prisoners of war and casts them in chains.

The Stony Gaze of the German People Turns on Hitler

I have always expected that this war would become worse in severity as the guilty Nazis feel the ring of doom remorselessly closing in upon them. Here in the West we have seen many savage, bestial acts, but nothing that has happened in the West so far can compare with the wholesale massacre, not only of soldiers, but of civilians and women and children, which has characterized Hitler's invasion of Russia. In Russia and in his reigns of terror in Poland and Yugoslavia, tens of thousands have been murdered in cold blood by the German Army and by the special police battalions and brigades, which accompany it everywhere and take a leading part in the frightful butchery perpetrated behind the front. For every one execution Hitler has ordered in the West, he has carried out two hundred—it may be many more—in Eastern and Central Europe. On the first day after he entered Kiev, he shot upwards of fifty-four thousand persons.

I say to show weakness of any kind to such a man is only to encourage him to further atrocities. And you may be assured that no weakness will be shown.

There is another reason, apart from his perverted instincts, why Hitler has begun large-scale maltreatment of British prisoners of war: he wishes to throw a new topic in the arena of world discussion, and so divert men's eyes from the evident failure so far—I always say so far—of his second vast campaign against Russia.

Field Marshal Goering's Offensive Against Hitler

The heroic defense of Stalingrad—the fact that the splendid Russian armies everywhere are intact, unbeaten, and unbroken, nay, counter-attacking with amazing energy along the whole front from Leningrad to the Caucasus Mountains, the fearful losses suffered by the German troops, the near approach of another Russian winter—all these grim facts, which can not be concealed, cast their freezing shadow upon the German people already wincing under the increasing impact of British bombing. The German people turn with a stony gaze upon the leader who has brought all this upon them and dumbly, for they dare not speak aloud, they put the terrible question—"Why did you go there? Why did you invade Russia?"

Already Field Marshal Goering has made haste to point out that this decision was Hitler's alone, that Hitler alone conducts the war, and that the Generals of the German Army are only assistants who carry out his orders. Already Himmler, the police butcher, has been decorated, honoured, and promoted in token not only of the importance of his work in shooting and hanging thousands of Russian prisoners of war and in torturing Poles, Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs, and Greeks, but of the increasing need for his devilish arts to be employed in the homeland of Germany itself. Evidently in such a plight it would be natural for Hitler to raise a stir in some other quarter, and what could be more attractive to such a being than to mishandle captives who are powerless in his hands? There are other matters which should cause Hitler and his guilty, but somewhat ridiculous confederate, Mussolini, to ask themselves uncomfortable questions.

The U-boat warfare still remains the greatest problem of the United Nations, but there is no reason whatever why it should not be solved by the prodigious measures of offense, of defense, and of replacement on which Britain, Canada, and, above all, the United States are now engaged. The months of August and September have been, I will not say the best, but the least bad months since January. These months have seen the new building of merchant ships, which substantially outweigh the losses.

They have seen the greatest tonnage of British bombs dropped upon Germany. They have covered the most numerous safe arrivals of United States troops in the British Isles. They have marked a definite growth of Allied air superiority over Germany, Italy, and Japan.

In these months, indeed in September, faraway in the Pacific, the Australians, with our American Allies, have made a good advance in New Guinea. It is not my habit to encourage light or vain expectations, but these are solid and remarkable facts.

Surveying both sides of the account—the good and the bad with equal composure and coolness—we must see that we have reached a stern and somber moment in the war, one which calls in a high degree for firmness of spirit and constancy of soul.

With God's Blessing, Our Hopes Rise

The excitement and the emotion of those great days when we stood alone unaided against what seemed overwhelming odds and, singlehanded, saved the future of the world, are not present now. We are surrounded by a concourse of Governments and nations, all of us bound together in solemn, unbreakable alliance, bound together by ties not only of honour, but of self-preservation. We are able to plan our slow, but sure march onward. Deadly dangers still beset us. Weariness, complacency or discord, squabbles over petty matters, would mar our prospects.

We must all drive ourselves to the utmost limit of our strength. We must preserve and refine our sense of proportion. We must strive to combine the virtues of wisdom and of daring. We must move forward together, united and inexorable.

Thus, with God's blessing, the hopes which are now justified, which we are now entitled to feel, will not fail or wither. The light is broadening on the track, and the light is brighter, too. Among the qualities for which Scotland is renowned, steadfastness holds perhaps the highest place.

Be steadfast, then, that is the message which I bring to you, that is my invocation to the Scottish people, here in this ancient capital city, one of whose burgesses I now have the honour to be. Let me use the words of your famous minstrel—he is here today—words which have given comfort and renewed strength to many a burdened heart:

> *"Keep right on to the end of the road,*
> *Keep right on to the end."*

"A Useless Delight"

My attic philosophy ... keep for keeping's sake: old letters, grandfather's christening robe, bound copies of Punch for children's rainy afternoons

BY ROSEMARY BENÉT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Rosemary Benét collects confidences, as well as attic memorabilia. A tender, enveloping poet, she is the widow of Stephen Vincent Benét, with whom she collaborated in writing the poetic biography, "A Book of Americans." Mrs. Benét lives with her three children in a nineteenth-century, white clapboard farmhouse that Whistler once lived in, at Stonington, Connecticut. Her title for this piece is a quotation from her husband's most notable poem, one of America's greatest, "John Brown's Body."*]

WHAT this age needs—take it from one who has given considerable thought to the matter—is a large attic in which to store things. A cellar won't do; it is too damp. A good, roomy attic, if possible without mice, is what we all should have. One of the few things I have against modern design, as a matter of fact, is that it ignores cluttery cupboards and attics. There are shelves, well concealed, conveniently placed, and "functional" I think the word is. But they seem to demand a neat, symmetrical arrangement, books in rows, boxes evenly spaced. No litter. I shouldn't be happy with a stream-lined attic. It is fortunate that ours is the old-fashioned kind with plenty of litter.

Our attic is a hodgepodge...or as Mr. Webster prefers to call it, a hotchpotch. (The definition of *that,* in case you are interested, is a dish of many ingredients, a medley, and our attic is exactly that.) It contains, among other things, the following: Christmas-tree ornaments, particularly a crêche which we got years ago in France and have added to annually until it has grown to astonishing proportions. We ought to cut down on either angels or animals, but how can we?

Then there is a chess set, with only two pieces missing. It once belonged to a sea-captain, and the little board locks the pieces in place so that the rolling sea did not disturb them. The white knight and the bishop have been lost, and I always *meant* to replace them. Near that is a button collection that comes from my side of the family and dates from the day when handsome button strings were the fashion. Then there is a large Victorian doll's house, of what one friend calls the Hallowe'en school of architecture, and a bayonet from the War of 1870. How that came to us, I do not know.

DOTTY DIMPLE AND THE PARIS TRUNK

THERE is a curious collection of books. These include such disparate items as a complete set of W.P.A. State Guides, some *Godey's Lady's Books,* and most of the *Dotty Dimple* series, all genuine Americana. These belonged to the head of the house and were not, on any account, to be disturbed. In the corner is a square trunk we got in Paris. It is now useless since the lock and hinges are broken, but it has as complete a record of our travels in its custom labels and stickers as any travel diary. In addition, we have each saved special things. I have a weakness for handsome boxes, and my daughter treasures old perfume bottles. You never can tell when you will need a nice extra box or a perfume bottle! Now how could anyone throw those treasures away? Sorting out our attic is like running through the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Each bit seems disconnected, but together they make a picture of the past.

Did the fact ever strike you that antique shops and museums are full of things that people can perfectly well live without, the litter and trash, indeed, of previous generations... the old valentines, the brocade dress kept in tissue-paper and only worn once to the Inaugural Ball, the letters from the subsequently famous friend, the picture that queer Mr. What-Was-His-Name? gave great-aunt Gertrude the year she lived in Paris. They all went into the attic for a time, only to be sold triumphantly later on by the grandchildren. Then there were the collections, the fans and the snuff-boxes, the Waterford glass candlesticks and the Lowestoft cups. *"Such a nuisance to pack!,"* someone said each time they were moved. Not one of those articles is "essential" or "practical" or necessary at all, if you come to that. They all take up room and need special care and are highly breakable. Yet think how much less colour life would have if someone hadn't *bothered* to pack them.

WHAT CAN'T YOU LIVE WITHOUT?

THIS is a time, as never before, when we are obliged for one reason, or another, to sort and weed possessions, to pick and choose the essentials so that we won't be weighed down by what lawyers listing an estate call "tangibles." We are all travelling light, moving about with only a few cherished bits. It is a hand-luggage age.

When, like me, you start the dreary business of packing up, a practical friend always advises: "Take only what you can't live without." Eminently sensible! Well, what can't you live without? Does that include an untidy package of mouldering, but treasured letters, or the family christening dress, voluminous and now fragile as a cobweb, done every stitch by hand by my grandmother, or the very breakable, but much loved crystal girandole we got in Paris? It should, but try to put those in a zipper bag along with the wool stockings which the children are sure to need next winter, and the very necessary and now rare-as-rubies little alarm-clock.

Letters and books present a special problem. It is best just to keep both, as we always did, on general principles, but, if you do, eventually you will be forced to move into a house with an attic, as I said at the beginning of this piece—and what is more, to stay there. What about the old bound volumes of *Punch* and *St. Nicholas* we have all pored over on rainy days or when we had the mumps? Is there room for those in modern life? We kept a file of our favourite humorous magazine for over ten years, a pile that finally towered on top of an old cupboard. *("Dust-catchers!"* the maid used to snort scornfully.) It had to go this year, and I hope the soldiers and sailors in port are enjoying it half as much as we did.

One of my favourite exhibitions—one which I have always remembered—was the showing of historic love-letters that belonged to Dr. Rosenbach, the collector. It was an infinitely touching, delightful, human show. Keats writing, "My dearest Girl.—You do not feel as I do—you do not know what it is to love—,." Burns romantically signing himself Sylvander—or writing to Mrs. Dunlop about his own death: "Can it be possible when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence!" Nathaniel Hawthorne addressing Sophia Peabody as "Dearest Dove." They were unforgettable. Luckily for us, someone had kept them all, through wars and fires and floods. Will such letters be preserved now? I think they will. They *(Continued on page 68)*

My Grandmother and Mr. Gladstone

They were the most frightening people I've ever known

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Seventy-one-year-old Bertrand Russell, The Earl Russell, is the greatest living English philosopher, a famous mathematician and physicist. An international savant and storm-centre, he has expounded his theories at various universities—Harvard, Chicago, California, Cambridge, Peking. His books include not only "Principia Mathematica," with Dr. A. N. Whitehead; "The ABC of Atoms"; "The Analysis of Mind"; but also "Marriage and Morals" and "Education and the Good Life." Now in America, this slight, white-haired, witty, wise Englishman recently gave a series of sparkling, erudite lectures on the philosophers, from Plato to Russell, at New York's Rand School.*]

My childhood and early youth were dominated by my two grandmothers, Lady Russell and Lady Stanley. Lady Russell, in whose house I lived, was Scotch, gentle and shy, but inflexible when a moral principle seemed to be involved. She had lived all her life in the great world—her grandfather was Governor General of India, her father was an Ambassador, her husband was twice Prime Minister. Nevertheless, she remained completely unworldly; she became a Unitarian at the age of seventy, and would have been glad if I had entered the Unitarian ministry.

She was the epitome of Puritan courage and Victorian propriety. She decided all political questions on the loftiest moral principles, without regard to political expediency. Often her influence caused my grandfather to change his opinions, so that his colleagues called her "deadly nightshade." She spoke always in a low voice; she was easily pained, but never angry. It was not she, but my other grandmother, whom I found alarming.

My other grandmother, Lady Stanley, whom I saw only occasionally, was a complete contrast, at once baffling and frightening to my young mind. Whereas my Grandmother Russell was dark and short and thin, my Grandmother Stanley was fair and tall and fat. Her family, the Dillons, had been Irish Jacobites, and had fled to the Court of the King of France after the battle of The Boyne.

She Lived History

It was French policy to make much of the Jacobites, and the Dillons rose to eminence in France; they even had a proprietary regiment in the French Army. During the French Revolution, however, they were proscribed along with other aristocrats, and had to fly once more. But this flight was less painful than the former. The head of the family, after consulting Louis XV., had become Protestant in order to be able to hold the family estates in Ireland, remarking that if any one found fault with him, he would say he had followed the advice of The Most Christian King.

My grandmother was brought up in Florence, where she visited once a week the widow of Bonnie Prince Charlie (the young Pretender who, it will be remembered, flourished in 1745). My grandmother belonged mentally rather to the eighteenth century than to the nineteenth, but to the eighteenth century of the Enlightenment. She was intensely nationalistic, with a contempt for "nonsense"; on her birthday she always had a dinner-party of thirteen, and made the most superstitious of the guests go out first.

When she was eighty, she still read popular science, such as Huxley and Tyndall, in bed for two hours every night. She promoted the cause of women's education, and was one of the founders of Girton College at Cambridge. But most reform movements seemed to her silly, and for silliness she had no faintest vestige of toleration.

When I first knew her, she was already a widow; I never saw her without the widow's cap, which in those days was customary. It was said that her husband who, on account of his sharp tongue, was generally known as Sir Benjamin Backbite, had oppressed her; I found this incredible, but from letters recently published I have learnt that it was true, although to me she had seemed a woman whom nobody could oppress. She was clever, caustic, and contemptuous.

In her vast drawing-room at 40 Dover Street (now The Arts Club), immovable in an enormous armchair, she used to receive guests at tea-time. All the leading literary men of the time used to come, sitting in a circle and carrying on a general conversation, in the hope (often vain) of escaping an assault of withering criticism from her tongue. When one of them went away, she would sigh and remark: "Fools are so fatiguin'."

A Cure for Priggishness

I was appallingly shy, and she did nothing to make me less so. On one occasion, before a room full of distinguished guests, she put to me a series of scientific questions. When it appeared that I did not know the answers, she turned to the company and remarked sadly: "I have no intelligent grandchildren." I did not venture until many years later to doubt the truth of this verdict.

As a child, I was always filled with trepidation when I was taken to visit her. The only mitigation was that the food was much better than at home. She thought me too goody-goody, and set to work to make me less of a prig; the only time I ever pleased her was when I asked for *Tristram Shandy* as a birthday present. (Perhaps, if she were alive now, she would regret her success.)

She used to say: "No one could say anything against me, but I always think it is not so bad to break the Seventh Commandment as the Sixth, because at any rate it requires the consent of the other party." On one occasion when she had a new doctor, she wrote out her complete medical history, including her very numerous confinements and some miscarriages, and read it to the assembled company (of whom I was one), to obtain their opinion as to whether anything was omitted. Everybody feared her, and she feared nobody, with one single exception: Mr. Gladstone.

To those who only know of Mr. Gladstone from books, his career must appear unintelligible. In books he seems a sanctimonious humbug, to whose authority people submitted for no discoverable reason. In real life he was different. His hawk's eye was terrible as an army in battle, his deep bass voice inspired awe, and his rounded, inexorable periods produced a sense of doom. It is said that once, at a large public meeting, he was disturbed by a drunken man, no doubt introduced by his political opponents in the hope of putting him off his stride. At first he paid no attention; then he fixed his eye upon the man, and pronounced these awful *(Continued on page 81)*

Comic Strips at War

Terry is an aviation cadet, Joe Palooka is a private overseas, and Tillie the Toiler is a Waac

BY MILTON CANIFF

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates," known as the rich man's comic strip, started out as an office boy in the art department of the Dayton Journal. His incentive was unmitigated laziness, for he saw that the comic-strip men only came to the office occasionally and seemed to have the most fun. In 1932, he drew his first strip, "Dickie Dare," which was syndicated by the Associated Press.*

Two years later, he hit the jackpot with the Terry series. Besides "Terry," which is syndicated in one hundred and sixty newspapers, Caniff also draws "Male Call," a specially roguish and sexy comic strip for distribution in all Army papers. From somewhere in the South Seas, a private writes, "It's a race between us and the natives to get a look at 'Male Call.'"]

MY people, the comic-strip characters, are in this war up to their inked-in eyebrows. They are in it for good and sufficient cause, the law of the land—the same law, brother, which one day lifted you from the rocker on the front porch and slipped you into uniform. They have been drafted.

No, this is not to be a story of how some Government agency has brought the comic strip under regimentation's heel. The case is almost diametrically the reverse. I shall not exaggerate with an all-out guess that the strips have influenced wartime Washington more than Washington has influenced the wartime strips. The strips were drafted by their electorate, the fans. No General Hershey or his equivalent intervened.

I can testify, for instance, that the summons which snatched my Terry out of his somewhat carefree ambiance of apprentice adventurer in the unregimented world of Pat Ryan, the lady Burma, and the Dragon Lady came unfranked. The enclosure was unofficial. But it was peremptory.

"Our class debated what branch of the service Terry is going to join. We voted aviation."

Terry is an aviation cadet. I hope I know what is good for a strip cartoonist.

None of us who administer the public relations of the people of the inkpot have escaped the experience. It has been universal in the craft.

SO Skeezix is an Ordnance Corporal in Tunisia. Snuffy Smith stretched his little legs and got in the Army, while cousin Barney Google crashed the Navy. Andy Gump tried, but got rejected as over age. Smilin' Jack is in the Air Corps. The Navy got Mickey Finn; Joe Palooka is a Private overseas; Moon Mullins, an essential war worker; and Tillie the Toiler has shelved, for the duration, her pre-Pearl Harbor hookup with the dress trade in favour of a WAAC uniform.

If my check on my colleagues is correct (and we check on one another like so many solo violinists!), there are but two major instances among the strip people of circumvention of the draft call. As of now, Superman and Li'l Abner are still civilians. I make that—"as of now"—because it is going to be interesting to watch what comes of this experiment in unorthodoxy by the cartoonists of the Superman and Li'l Abner strips.

The entrance of the United States into the war has posed for Superman's creators a problem which I do not envy them. Anyone who knows Superman—and who doesn't?—will appreciate the dilemma of the big-hearted, space-time adventurer when confronted by the challenge of his country in battle. As we all know, Superman could stop this war by spitting on it, thus saving millions of lives, tons of kitchen-fat drippings, and all the worries and doubts which must assail Roosevelt and Churchill, even though they never let on in public.

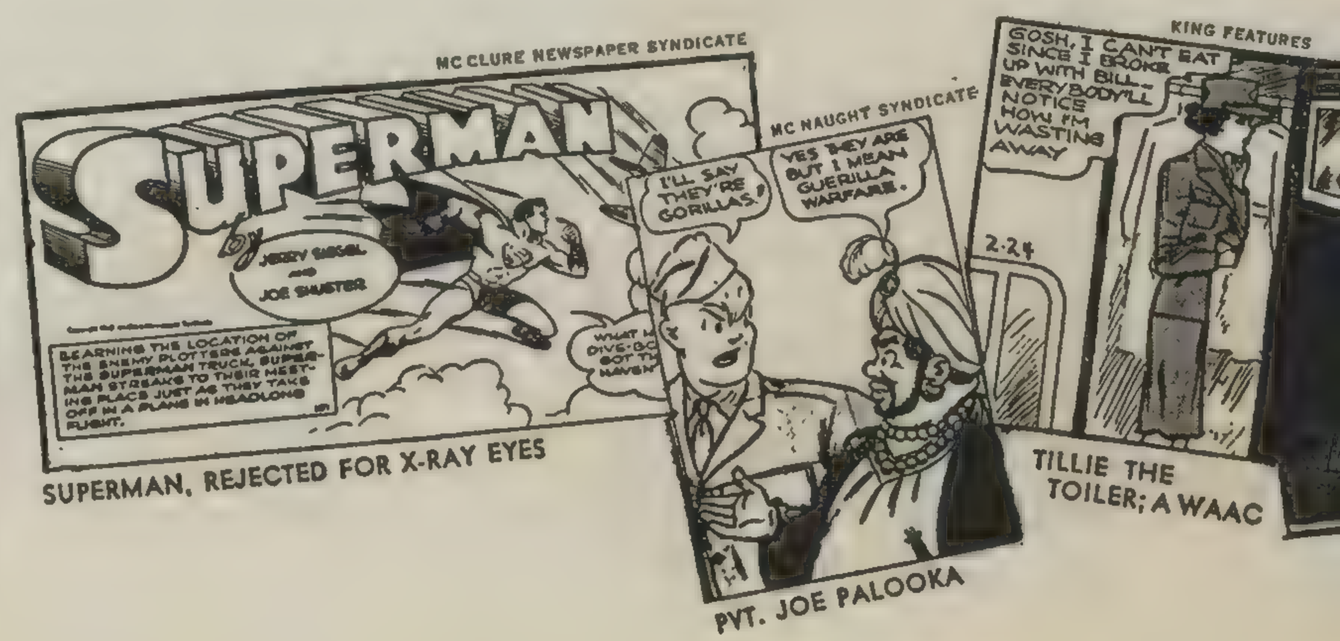
Why, then, hasn't Superman acted? Why hasn't he X-rayed Berlin into a heap of rubble? Why hasn't he picked up Hitler by the scruff of his soft neck and deposited him at noon hour in the Seventh Avenue garment district?

I pay fraternal tribute to the cleverness of the dodge whereby his creators, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, by-passed the first insuperable problem which Superman has ever encountered. On a day which remains memorable in strip-artist circles, Superman went down to his draft board and passed all tests with flying colours, save one. When it came to reading off the letters on the eye-test chart, his X-ray eyes focussed on a chart hung in the cubicle two walls beyond the one in which he was seated. He read off all the wrong answers, and the man who can perch on Betelgeuse and read your morning paper, opened at the market reports, over your left shoulder, was rejected by a Selective Service optometrist for defective eyesight! The inspired gag has worked perfectly. Superman has lost neither freedom of interstellar motion, nor prestige—the latter being the more important. Prestige is the strip character's heart-blood. Superman a 4-F? Ask Junior.

IN the case of Li'l Abner, sire Al Capp is testing an alternate solution of a similar heartbreaking problem, Abner being so quintessentially hillbilly that migration from his Ozarks, bugle calls or none, is a comic-strip impossibility. Al Capp has not sent Li'l Abner to war. But Li'l Abner has sent Al Capp to war. Capp manages somehow to keep two Government propaganda strips running, in addition to the syndicated one for which he is famous; the Buy-Bonds strip called "Small Change," turned out for the Treasury; and a very special, "Pvt. Li'l Abner" strip in which Abner is soon to begin leading a double life in Army instruction manuals.

We get fan mail, reams of it. I have yet to read a fan letter which does not subscribe to Posit No. 1 in the philosophy of strip: that the strip character exists, enjoys, or bears life as all other mortals enjoy or bear it, and is responsible for personal conduct.

These moral responsibilities have become an acute prob-



SUPERMAN, REJECTED FOR X-RAY EYES

PVT. JOE PALOOKA

TILLIE THE TOILER; A WAAC

lem, especially on the home front. As instance: can you reward with a snicker these days that old rainy-day standby of the gag-a-day cartoonist, the skid at high speed, the four ribboned tires, and the Fumble Family flivver festooned in the roadside oak? If fan-mail constitutes a straw vote, no, you can't. In fact, the office mail reaction to waste, extravagance, destruction is ominous, not to say fatal.

That means that no longer may Blondie's Dagwood, the icebox raider, build himself one of those midnight sandwiches which have become so famous that lunch-counter men in many sections list their three-deckers as dagwoods—lower-case "d" —a new word in the language. Nor may Dagwood stain his new grey pants with a cupful of Blondie's coffee. Jiggs will go to fewer and fewer of those corned-beef orgies, and his pals, the plumber and the riveter, may not drop in during working hours for a few sneak hands of poker. Nothing of all this good old dependable stuff, bone-marrow of the traditional strip, gets by these days.

The home front, also, is where you reap the rawest raspberries when you commit today's cardinal comic-strip sin, an error in service insignia. If Skeezix were to turn up in a Frank King panel without his two Corporal's stripes, the denunciations would come in for a month by the daily bagful. The letters would all come from sisters, mothers, friends, of other Corporals. Pat Ryan of my strip, now a Navy Line Lieutenant, correctly wears his double bars on both tabs of his shirt collar. But my readers with Army connections have been busy drawing my uninformed, illiterate, and probably congenitally subnormal attention to the fact that the double bars denote the rank of Captain.

Most strip-artists, myself included, carefully answer all such letters—even those which have to be answered: "You're right, I'm wrong; I'm down; kick me." Especially those. I corresponded in fabulous volume with Army camp readers before finding the groove which has fitted the strip, "Male Call," into the code of the Camp Newspaper Service, which distributes volunteered, special comic strips to Army camp newspapers.

"Male Call's" early headaches included some business-office run-ins with publishers who did not relish seeing the girl, Burma, cavorting gratis in an Army sheet distributed in regional competition with a three-cent daily for which she was performing in "Terry and the Pirates" on a strictly cash basis. More serious were the troubles involved in adjusting her conduct, as a lady loose in a restricted area, to the conflicting demands of the buck-private masses who want her more loose than lady, and the post-command classes who were bound to view her with the censorious eye.

In the end, the problem got solved by the device of substituting for experienced Burma a more juvenile charmer named Lace. Lace has successfully walked the chalk, fine as a hair-line, which mystically marks the great divide between what is raw and what is merely roguish, and the realms of morale from those of morals.

Back in the pre-war days, one of my earliest "fan" letters was a scrawl from Roy Chapman Andrews, giving me a much-needed assurance that I had managed to get the feel of a certain scene in China into a cartoon panel, which I had worked up from photographic records in the explorer's files of the American Museum of Natural History, of which he is fellow. The incident in the strip on which he commented had to do with a picnic reuniting several of my stock characters—Pat Ryan, Terry, Burma, Big Stoop, and Connie. Mr. Andrews told me that he had once picnicked on the same spot in much the same kind of Company.

Incidentally, Mr. Andrews' note dates back about to the period when, in my opinion, my strip passed over from pseudo-reality to straight realism. Pretty cheerfully, I had been putting Terry and pal Pat through their unchallenged paces on a comfortably remote Yellow Sea littoral, when history caught up with me. I soon learned the bitter lesson which all strip artists must eventually absorb: there are more people from Wichita, who have been to more places than you or I or Wichita would suspect. My characters were floating east on streams which course west. They were holding up Chinese pants with buttons sold exclusively by an Ohio dime-store chain, and anyway it is the general Chinese rule that the ladies wear the pants.

I was forced into realism. I didn't sell comic-strip realism to my readers. My readers sold realism to me.

A couple of thousand strips later, I got smarter than the combined English, Dutch, and American boards of Pacific warfare strategy, and allowed the whole cast to be committed to months of guerrilla intrigue in Hong Kong, all nicely completed, calendared, and mailed to the remotest subscriber on the syndicate list on the day that Hong Kong fell!

A sensational success in this field of strip-art defense in depth was scored last May by Frank King in his "Gasoline Alley" strip, when his client papers were able to publish on the morrow of the German capitulation in Tunisia a hold-for-release "Skeezix" strip, showing Corp. Wallet in action during that epochal kill. The device used entailed enormous effort. The event of Von Arnim's defeat being in the offing, Frank devised his sequences so that a key strip based on the surrender could be thrown in at any time. Of course, he had also to continue along double-plot rails through a stretch following the German debacle, and on up to some point in his future course where, no doubt, he will have the two forks of his story meet in some area where Skeezix's geography has some reasonable chance of staying put for a while.

Frank King is now enjoying a reputation for uncanny prophetic powers, which, ironically enough, never fell to the lot of the one strip artist among us all who actually did once hit the nail of history smack on the head at the distance of the normal publication time-lag of five *(Continued on page 78)*

I Saw the Nazis Fall Back

"Can anyone think what these six simple words mean to a Frenchwoman?"

BY EVE CURIE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Eve Curie is a young woman of very positive distinction—it's a sign of these antithetical times that it can be indicated negatively. Germany forbids the sale of her famous first book, "Madame Curie," the biography of her mother, the scientist. Mlle. Curie is no longer French. Because she embodied the spirit of Free France, Vichy deprived her of citizenship two years ago. Her new book, "Journey Among Warriors," a selfless, sensitive record of her forty-thousand-mile odyssey among the world's battlefields, is emphatically not of aid and comfort to the enemy. It is, as all her writings are, passionately French, passionately de Gaullist.*]

OF my forty-thousand-mile-long journey to the battlefields of our war, what remains most vivid in my memory is this: in the Soviet Union, I saw towns, villages, hamlets, roads, forests, fields, rivers, men, women, children, horses, dogs, cattle, that had been liberated from the Nazis. I saw Hitler's soldiers retreat on a soil that was a part of the European continent. Can anyone just stop to think what these six simple words mean to a Frenchwoman: "To see the Germans *go back!*" When I drove on the icy highways of Russia, when I visited Istra, Volokolamsk, Yasnaya Polyana, or Mozhaisk, I was constantly saying to myself:

"...The Germans have been here, and now they have withdrawn, if only ten, or fifty, or a hundred miles. With all its might, the Red Army has pushed them back. This is the beginning of Hitler's doom. Our invaders, the men with the swastikas, are still in Bordeaux, in Marseilles, in Strasbourg, in Brest, in Lille—in Paris. They still are in thousands of little villages, all the way from Norway to Greece, and from Sicily to the outskirts of Leningrad. But, in time, they will be chased out from every inch of the territory they have stolen and pillaged, just as they have been chased out already of this bit of Russian land. Victory is on the march."

So it is that the tragic picture of devastation I found in the liberated zone of Russia will forever remain linked, in my mind, with a feeling of immense hope. What I had to look at was almost unbearable in its grimness: burnt houses, burnt schools, burnt churches, burnt factories, burnt hospitals everywhere. Everything destroyed. Everything wrecked, that over decades and centuries the hands of patient men had built. Again, what I had to listen to—the atrocities stories, told by Russian peasants who had actually seen their neighbours, their relatives, being hanged or shot by the Nazis—was almost unbearable. It was worse than anything I had expected, than anything I had previously read in the dispatches from newspaper correspondents in Russia. Yet, those very people who had stood so much suffering were now triumphant. They had lost all their possessions, they were thin and worn out—and they were cursing loudly and bitterly the names of the "German Fascists." But—yes—they were happy. They had been set free by their own warring soldiers. They knew, now, that they, and their children after them, would go on living as Russian citizens, not as Germany's slaves.

As I look through the pages and pages of notes I brought back from Russia, the austere landscapes of the liberated zone come before my eyes, and I can see clearly the faces, the smiles of dozens of inhabitants of that area, with whom I talked at length. I can hear their Russian voices telling me of the hunger, the slave labour, and the persecution, telling me also, with enthusiasm and sometimes with wit, of the heroism of their compatriots, of the deadly tricks they had played on the Germans during the occupation. Every Soviet peasant, and also every soldier, was ready to say to me, with a stubborn optimism: "We will win. We are winning already."

There was that morning when, thirty degrees below zero, I drove with two Russian officers on the Rzhev highway that was covered with a crust of hardened snow. Talitza was the name of the first village that had been occupied by the Germans: that was where we passed the boundary of the greatest enemy advance. Shells and bombs had made enormous craters in the frozen soil. Shells and bombs had destroyed the houses of the peasants. Explosives had annihilated the bridges. The tanks or armoured cars that we saw on the road or in the open fields were motionless, dead and cold and covered with a shroud of snow: they were casualties, German and Russian, from the Soviet counter offensive.

We passed a brick factory that had been shelled. The tall chimney had four enormous holes in its top part: it had not crashed and was standing there, as a mutilated column. We began to see the houses, the *isbas,* to which the Germans had set fire before retreating. Their wooden walls and roofs had vanished: everything else but the large Russian stoves and the chimneys of red brick had been burned away. To count the destroyed houses, we had to count the chimneys, and the fences left around the fields of snow. An easier job, and a quicker one, was to count the intact houses: in the village of Wysokova, out of one hundred and forty-one houses, I counted *five* houses standing.

IN the fields, where scattered tanks had remained stranded and where we occasionally saw the skeleton of a crashed plane, men wearing very high boots were looking for mines —fishing for them, really, with some sort of long-hooked magnetic rod that they used to dredge the snow. The wildest activity, however, was taking place around the destroyed bridges that were being rebuilt by the peasants and the soldiers. The peasants would bring a quantity of rough, frozen pine trunks from the forest nearby, in their horse-driven carts. Then both the soldiers and the peasants, supervised by Army engineers, would settle down to toil in the ghastly cold, amidst a lot of excitement and noise. Their work was incredibly efficient and speedy. Almost everywhere, even in the villages only recently retaken from the Germans, I was to see the new bridges proudly standing, and heavy tanks and trucks rolling over them already. In the midst of war, the Russians were beginning the reconstruction of their devastated land.

I remember a group of women on a road. That was in Istra, a murdered town where only *three* houses remained standing. It was snowing. The ruins were slowly vanishing under the winter blanket that covered many a trace of the Nazi crime. The women were wrapped in worn-out coats and shawls. One of them had no shoes, only rags and bands of paper fastened around her feet. As soon as these people saw the officers' uniforms of my companions, they came nearer and stopped to talk to us. They were eager to hear news from the front line, eager to seek from us some protection and sympathy. In every place of the liberated zone of Russia, I

witnessed this spontaneous rallying of the peasants around anybody wearing the uniform of the Red Army.

There was a young girl there, with a pleasant, determined face, who told me that the only men among the invaders who had helped her family to some extent were Austrians in the German Army. She said:

"...They would let us take a few warm things before our fleeing to the forest. They would warn us not to go near their officers, lest these men attack us. That was superfluous advice. While the Germans were in the village, we did not wash or comb our hair—we did everything we could think of in order to look older and be left alone by the German officers and men."

The girl explained, with a twinkle in her eyes, that by keeping her face "very dirty" and her hair "all messed up," she actually had succeeded in looking some twenty years older than she really was—which gave her some protection from the too enterprising Germans. She was "enraged," she said, in having to wait on the Nazi officers' table. It made her "weep." She added, with some exaltation: "When it comes to cooking or washing dishes for our combatants, for the men of the Red Army, we do it with such joy!... We'd do anything, anything for our combatants, for our angels."

Another woman, to whom I talked in Mozhaisk, where I got only two days after the Germans had abandoned the town, said to me:

"...If you knew how we wept when we saw the uniforms of the first Red Army vanguards, when we knew we were freed at last! I will never forget it. I was happy, but I had gone through too much, and I felt too weak to rejoice. I just stood there, my heart aching and aching."

The miserable creature clung pathetically to my arm, with a touching, spontaneous confidence. Tears were streaming on her tired face. In peacetime, she used to be a worker in a glass factory. The Nazis had pillaged her house, then they had made her walk for miles behind the battle-line with her small children and all the inhabitants of her village, in an endless migration. The conquerers whistled at them as at dogs, and threatened them with their revolvers if they did not obey quickly enough. That same woman showed me what her family had had to eat during these lugubrious days: some dull, brown bread, which looked like a cake of dried mud. She and her companions had cooked it for themselves, on their way, by mixing a little flour with potatoes that the frost had sweetened and spoiled. To this Russian woman, to her small children, standing near her and so tired that their faces had become completely expressionless, the liberation did not solely mean "Freedom." It also meant "Food." It meant "Bread."

Mozhaisk, so rich in Napoleonic memories.... How impressive it was for me to see it immediately after the German withdrawal, in the roaring noise and the general animation of the Russian offensive! Over my head, Red Army planes were constantly passing, flying quite low, rushing toward the enemy lines. In the main street, an uninterrupted procession of vehicles of all kinds was rolling toward the battle, between the ruins of the dynamited buildings: tanks, armoured cars, guns, trucks full of munitions, trucks full of hay, trucks full of standing soldiers pressed against one another and carrying their bayoneted rifles very straight, like a forest of lances pointing toward the sky.

It was in Mozhaisk that I had supper with a Red Army General, Lieutenant-General Leonid A. Govorof, in a house where, only three days before, German had been spoken by officers of the Nazi command. It was in Mozhaisk that I interviewed German prisoners. I asked one of these sulky men:

"...Do you think Hitler has been right, has acted for the good of the German nation, in attacking Russia?"

The German, a dark man of thirty, almost dizzy with fatigue, said very slowly:

"...*From what we see now,* he was not right."

That particular soldier knew as early as 1942 what so many of his comrades were subsequently to learn in Tunisia, in 1943: that the tide of the war had turned—that the punishment was coming for Hitler.

Liberated towns and villages of Russia.... Istra. Mozhaisk. The burned school on the top of the hill, at Yasnaya Polyana. The swastika cross carved on the little white tower, at the gate of Leo Tolstoy's family house. The label I found on the door of one of the rooms where the author of *War and Peace* had lived—which read: *"Beschlagnahmt für Oberkommando der Wehrmacht."* The German signs on the roads. And, on the main squares of the small towns, the gallows where partisans, guerillas had been hanged by the enemy....

In the front-line city of Volokolamsk, a young Russian General, Major-General Vlasof (not to be confounded with another Wlassof captured by the Germans in 1941) described to me the local successes he had just won and showed me on a map how many miles his troops had advanced. He added, with a confident smile: "The enemy is now a wounded beast —although still very strong." Immediately after that, we dived into a discussion on the opening of a second front in Europe—a subject which, at the time, was a political issue among the United Nations, as well as a strategical one. I can still hear Vlasof's impassionate voice saying to me:

"The Red Army's grim task is to keep in check the bulk of Hitler's land forces. Only a second front can make the task a little less overwhelming for us. *We need a second front,* anywhere in Europe—*anywhere,* be it in Norway or in the Balkans, in Italy or on the Channel coast of France."

I made my way, from Volokolamsk, to the nearest point from the battlefields where the Soviet authorities would allow me. With two Russian officers, we drove on a frozen road beyond a small village called Mihailowka, which had just been liberated. To our right, to our left, dead Nazis and dead horses, stiffened by the frost, were scattered in the fields, half-shrouded by the snow, amidst disabled tanks and guns. Russian soldiers who had been only lightly wounded were walking slowly back to the medical stations in the rear, after having received first-aid in the advanced posts. Their bandages were stained with fresh blood hardened by the frost.

How acutely I remember, to this day, the moment when one of my guides, a Colonel, said softly to me: "—We must return now. You can not go any further." For a while, I just stood there, in the icy wind, listening to the thundering, insistent roar of the Soviet heavy guns that were hammering at the enemy. I stood on that Russian country road, looking at the monotonous fields of snow—looking toward the West.

It was beyond those fields, and beyond the fields after those, that lay an enslaved continent, all the way from Russia to the Atlantic coast. There lay the lands of famine and persecution, where millions and millions of men, women, and children, the survivors of a tortured Europe, were tensely expecting the liberators, the soldiers of the United Nations—and preparing, at the risk of their lives, to help their Armed Allies in every possible way, on the day of the invasion.

Hundreds of miles to the West was Poland—the country of my mother, Marie Sklodowska Curie. And thousands of miles to the West, was my own country—France.

The Carnival People

They call themselves "carnies," talk a singsong hog Latin, and live in a gay other world

BY KAY SWIFT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *With her husband, a former rodeo rider, Kay Swift lives at Cougar Rock Ranch in central Oregon. Strenuous, slight as a high-tension wire, she does a man's work there—anything from branding cattle to cooking for the hired hands. Only four years ago, in New York, she worked with just as much adaptable energy at a man-sized musical career. She wrote the song, "Can't We Be Friends?", wrote the score of the musical, "Fine and Dandy"; she was Staff Composer for the Radio City Music Hall, was Director of light music at the World's Fair. The title of her new book, "Who Could Ask For Anything More?", reflects her satisfaction with her transmuted life.*]

THE first time I heard the carnival cry, the password that binds "carnies," or carnival employees, the world over in a sort of fellowship, was at De Lancey. A little travelling carnival had been set up in the vacant lot back of Main Street.

I had wandered off by myself, and was idly rolling a wooden ball toward a series of numbered holes in the dim hope of winning a repulsive plaster Kewpie doll, when my husband, Chris, descended indignantly upon me. "Don't do that!" His voice, to my surprise, was stern. He swept my hand off the table, wooden ball and all, and turned to the pasty-faced man in loud checks who was just pocketing my dime.

"Hi, there, Larry McFadden!" said Chris. "I'm *with* it, see? My wife here didn't know about it, or she would never have been a sucker. I'm *with* it, not against it!

"You see, I've known a lot of carnies," was Chris' explanation to me. "I know all about those fakeroos the shills bark up. They're good guys if they know you're with it, and I'd be ashamed to see my own family acting as suckers for them. You'll go for the carnie talk, once you get onto it. It gets to you."

He was right. There is a strange charm about the carnie language, that mixture of hog Latin of a special sort and rhymed couplets, that is unlike anything else. Chris taught me to rattle off the hog Latin part: "Kee-a-some hee-a-sere" for "Come here." "Lee-a-set's gee-a-so" for "Let's go." I soon picked up a few of the terms, like "Larry McFadden," which remains my favourite word for no-good. Carnies often address each other as "Larry" or "jerk," but it is risky to try it unless you know your men.

LIKE STEPPING INTO A CIRCUS POSTER

MOST rodeos in the West hit towns simultaneously with carnivals; the rodeos take in most of the town's money in the daytime, while the carnivals make a killing at night. Chris had come to know carnies and their talk during the fifteen years he rodeoed. He could spot a carnie a mile away and, from the old greeting, "Are you with it?" and the answer, "I'm not against it," they would proceed into all sorts of rhymed statements. "The wind blew and the dung flew" is the one Chris likes best, but I lean toward, "Let's make a quick dash for Miller's hash," which is a specialty of my very favourite carnie, Gordon Ford.

Gordon Ford was our constant companion during three days of rodeo and horse-racing at Piney Creek last fall. We were chiefly interested in the bulldogging event, which Chris had entered, but we found time to spend some of the most enjoyable hours of my life in a stuffy hotel room, surrounded by touts and carnies. It was like stepping into a circus poster and living there for a little while.

Gordon Ford and Joe Conklin were sitting up in a double bed, I remember, the first day we met them. Nude to the waist, they still seemed completely clothed, by reason of an all-over job of tattooing. Each had a bottle in hand. Conklin was dark, in contrast to Ford's blondness, but otherwise they were two of a kind. Crooked as snakes in all probability, they possessed a capacity for enjoyment I have seldom seen equalled.

"What a life it is!" was Gordon's greeting as we came in. He waved a blue arm, tattooed in a pattern of flags, toward the next bed. In it a cowboy lay sleeping—snoring, too—while a jockey and a pony boy from the track sat on his legs and sang softly in harmony.

THEIR LUCK'S IN

"THIS man here's a jam-up friend, jam-up!" said Gordon Ford. "He says, and I agree with him, 'Here today and gone tomorrow, take a drink and banish sorrow.' Some days you can't hardly lay up a dime—that's yesterday for you. But today is a new day—a good day, not a blue day, so we'll make a quick dash for Miller's hash and bring home that good green lettuce for Mamma."

Here he took a long swig from his bottle. Joe Conklin added, "This is the day you can't miss. *Can't miss.* You put it on the black, and the black comes up. You put it on the red, and what should come up but the little old red, with the lettuce that gives you that *feed* that the children *need.*"

We went down into the flag-hung street, where a parade of local citizens on horseback was passing by. "Many a touch in that outfit, many a touch," I murmured. Carnie talk is contagious, and I had been exposed to a broadside of it.

At the corner drugstore, men and women with permits were buying liquor. There is a law in Oregon forbidding the purchase of anything stronger than beer, without a fifty-cent permit. No wine or spirits can be drunk on the premises, in any café.

Making my way to the counters with my permit on this particular day, I noticed a fat man just ahead of me. He spoke in a confidential voice to the druggist, saying, "Please, I want a quart of the very best whisky you have. I don't know the names of any brands, but you choose the best one for me. Price is no object."

The druggist wrapped up a quart bottle that cost just four times as much as the variety poured down the throat of most of the inhabitants of central Oregon. "There's an oat looking for a horse, if I ever saw one," he remarked to me, as Fatty left the premises, closely followed by a couple of touts who must unquestionably have been what Gordon Ford described as snatch men. Curiosity assailed me. There, he delivered the precious bottle into the hands of a man who awaited him, a man whom I recognized at once, surprisingly enough. It was Jeff Thomas, a hard-working sheepherder who had brought a band of woollies past our ranch a few

months earlier. Sheepherders are notoriously generous, prodigal spenders; they deserve a run for the bankroll they bring to town once in six months, after a long period in the hills, far from the sound of a human voice. Jeff carried a roll, in plain sight, that would have choked a horse. I determined he should not be separated from it if we could possibly help it.

Within a few seconds, Jeff was surrounded by men in checked suits, with diamond stickpins in their ties—strange little men with a poolroom pallor—and a few hard customers in overalls who looked able to deal with Joe Louis. Our old friend, Gordon Ford, was among them; it was he who slipped an arm convivially through Jeff's and started to walk him down the street. *"Chris!"* I called desperately.

Chris appeared, magically fast. He took in the situation at once and was in there, pitching, without preliminaries. "Are you checking that man into the main store?" he shouted at Ford. "Don't give him the office, boy, he's a friend of mine. He's *with* it!"

GORDON dropped Jeff's arm as if it had been red-hot. "Why didn't ya say so?" he cried. "Jam-up friends, jam-up, that's us! Meet Ford and you'll never forget it, you'll never regret it, mister, what was the name again? Thomas? Pipe that skimmer, Chris, pipe that skimmer," he continued, looking dreamily at the new, stiffly-blocked felt hat of bright blue which sat up, evidently too small, atop Jeff's grey head. "It would have been a beautiful take," he murmured wistfully to himself, "but," suddenly brisk, "jam-up friends, that'll be the game, jam-up friends! Not only the game, but the name of the game."

"Well, Jeff," I said later, feeling smug as a bird-fed feline, "I surely am glad nobody pried you loose from that bankroll today." He was sitting in our car, offering drinks out of his costly bottle to all comers, the blue hat pushed far back on his head, a beaming smile on his face. The weather had turned chilly, the attendance at the races was disappointing, and even Joe Conklin's spirits were somewhat wilted, but Jeff was radiantly happy.

EASY COME—EASY GO

"YES, Jeff," I went on, "these mugs around here have a habit of picking up easy money without caring much whose it is. Take yourself, now. You make it the hard way, which is why I get hot at the thought of anyone snatching it from you."

Jeff's face grew suddenly wistful. His eyes clouded. "Yes, I do make it the hard way, now," he mused, "but I sure made it the easy way for a long, long time." Reminiscences of a pleasanter day welled up in his mind. Suddenly he slapped his knee. "If I do say it, ma'am, I was the fastest and best counterfeiter in the business," he said, pride lighting up his face. "I could take a fin and make it into a twenty in a way that I wouldn't put second to anybody's work. No, sir, in my line I was the daddy of them all!"

I heard my own voice falter as I asked, "When did you give it up for sheepherding, Jeff?"

He seemed to rouse himself out of a dream. "What? Oh, yes, when did I give it up? Well, I gave it up when they got me and stuck me in that pen," he said. "I got a five-year stretch, but I'm out on parole now; that's why I like a good safe job like sheepherding. Keeps me out of trouble." When we heard a few days later that Jeff had had to borrow enough money to return to his sheep in the hills, Chris' only comment was, "I wonder who finally took him."

My last memory of Gordon Ford sets the stage against a background of a busy street corner in Piney Creek. A one-legged man was seated on the ground, selling pencils a hundred feet from where we stood. A powerfully built man, he wore a neat dark suit. Black glasses hid the upper part of his face. He appeared to be doing an excellent business—there are no beggars, as a rule, in Piney Creek, and nearly everyone who came by bought a pencil or at least dropped a coin into the hat. A Collie dog beside him received a good deal of petting.

"Pipe the crip!" said Gordon Ford. "What a day that guy has had for himself! 'If I don't make five grand by this afternoon,' he says to me, 'I'm sure as hell goin' to switch to another street!' What a guy!...Now, watch me."

Ford, stealing up on rubber-soled shoes just as a passer-by threw a quarter into the hat, stooped to pat the dog and caught the cripple's attention. Gordon's hand was in the hat, the dog had growled, and the cripple had turned on Gordon with a singularly vicious snarl before he realized that it was a rib. Gordon laughed uproariously, as did we. "Crip" apparently was not the lad for practical jokes, for he continued to mutter curses under his breath for some moments. Presently he looked carefully up and down the street, then silently rose up to his full height, slid a leg down that seemingly empty trouser leg, and walked briskly away, removing the black glasses as he went. "Lousy millionaire!" Gordon called after him, getting a furious backward look in response.

"GAY, IRRESPONSIBLE GUYS—"

ONCE among carnies, you become their champions forever. A more frankly conniving group I have never met, but somehow their gaiety and humour absolve them from any atmosphere of evil. Cheap they certainly are, but it is the colourful tawdriness of carrousel music, a painting by Toulouse-Lautrec. Their perpetual tempo is a brisk two-four.

Ever since I told Chris in an unwitting moment that I was writing a few lines about carnies, he has worried lest I expose them in some way that might injure them. "Not a chance of that, Chris," I protested. "I am only showing, or trying to, something of the fun they have, the gay, funny, irresponsible guys they are."

He looked unconvinced. Presently, I remarked, "Wasn't it a pity, dear, that I didn't know you well enough, when I held that job with the World's Fair in New York? I covered every concession in the midway, over and over, without ever knowing there were such laughs to be had."

Chris only looked scornful. "There wasn't a decent carnie in the whole Fair," he remarked, his tone implying that, in consequence of this omission, the entire undertaking had been a failure. "Oh, they had a few shills, yes," Chris went on. "Of course, there were barkers on the midway. But real, good carnies—no. There wasn't one!"

I TRIED to remember individual concessions and the personnel thereof, across the eventful years. "How about the rides, Chris?" I asked, still hopeful. "Weren't there *any* carnies, even in charge of the rides?"

My husband's eyes, the bluest and most honest imaginable, were filled, for the only time I can remember, with unadulterated contempt as he looked at me.

"Aw," he said, almost sorrowful at my stupidity, "can't you see how idiotic that sounds? How, I ask you, *how* could a guy possibly manage to steal a dollar on a *ride?*"

It was my turn to stare at him. Then we both laughed, long and loud. Once you are with it, these carnies get to you.

Post-War Plans

Global blueprints by Churchill, Wallace, Welles, Hatch, Hill, Burton, Ball, and Culbertson

For many months now, the United States has been discussing the post-war world, officially and unofficially. Vice-President Wallace has spoken pretty clearly for the Administration. Under-Secretary of State Welles has voiced the sentiments of the State Department. Congress and the general public have said whatever came into their heads—whenever and wherever they felt like it.

But British opinion on the post-war world is another matter. Until very recently, the British Government made no official statement on the subject, and members of the Government were forbidden by British constitutional practice to air their views ex-officio. British Prime Minister Churchill made his speech on post-war problems March 21, 1943.

Here, we gather the post-war plans of Mr. Churchill and seven Americans. No less varied than these ideas were the methods of presenting them. The Prime Minister rolled out his plans in purple Olympian thunder. Vice-President Wallace's speeches were as intricate and tortured as a John Donne sermon. Mr. Welles spoke the language of diplomacy—with the distilled clarity of a Flaubert essay.

Four United States Senators—Hatch, Democrat, New Mexico; Hill, Democrat, Alabama; Burton, Republican, Ohio; and Ball, Republican, Minnesota—polished their proposals bare to the bone with compromise. Ely Culbertson, bridge expert, sociologist, participant in "three forlorn revolutions," proposed his "World Federation Plan." This is an immensely detailed, concrete global blueprint, ready for use the day the war ends, combining ice-clear mathematical reasoning and massive factual reference with a bit of pseudo-scientific double-talk.

These are the plans—they will probably change and expand with changing conditions. They will be discussed, debated, written about—finally, voted upon. They are our concern. It is our duty to have opinions about them, and no opinion can be worth more than the knowledge that backs it up. Whatever peace plan is adopted, let it be one we understand. If mistakes are made, let them be mistakes of the head or even of the heart, not the errors of ignorance or indifference.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill proposes:

1. A Program of Post-War Rehabilitation and Reconstruction, to be undertaken by the United Nations, headed by "the three great victorious powers"—the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States, and Soviet Russia. This program is to include disarmament of the Axis nations, punishment of the guilty military leaders, return of war loot to the Occupied countries, and prevention of famine "in some, at least, of the ruined regions."

2. Two International Councils. In Mr. Churchill's words, "One can imagine under a world institution embodying or representing the United Nations, and some day all nations, that there should come into being a Council of Europe and a Council of Asia."

3. A High Court of Europe. As part of his plan for the Council of Europe, Mr. Churchill suggests a high court for the settlement of disputes between nations.

4. A European Police Force. Also for the Council of Europe, Mr. Churchill proposes an Armed Force, "national or international, or both," held ready to enforce decisions of the high court and prevent renewed aggression.

5. Improved International Trade Policies. Mr. Churchill said simply that "all (post-war trade) agreements must be made more neighbourlike and more sensible than before."

6. An Unchanged Status for Colonial Possessions. Knowing this to be much the touchiest subject he has to face at home and abroad, Mr. Churchill avoided any mention of colonial possessions. However, his references to the British Commonwealth of Nations, "almost a world in ourselves," made it quite clear that he still had no intention of "presiding over the liquidation of the British Empire," or any part of it.

7. A Four-Year Plan for Britain to be adopted when peace with Germany has been declared. This plan includes several large practical measures of domestic reform, which are now being studied in detail by Government committees and which fit together in a general over-all scheme. Specifically, it covers the extension of the British social insurance system, the elimination of unemployment, the increase of home food production, the establishment of a national health service, the broadening of the educational system, the broadening of state ownership and enterprise, especially in relation to monopolies of all kinds, and at the same time the revival of a healthy and vigorous system of private enterprise.

(Far ahead of any of our own domestic programs, except, of course, for the National Resources Planning Board program, which has not yet received any official support, this proposal sounded almost radical to American ears, especially coming from the leader of Britain's Conservative Party. In Britain, it was applauded by almost all political factions. What criticism did arise, accused Churchill of "hedging" by absolving himself and his Government from any concrete promises on carrying out the plan now.)

On the whole, the American public accepted Mr. Churchill's speech and liked it. His great, wide-visioned plan for domestic reform in Britain went a long way to refute charges of reactionarism brought against him by political opponents at home and anti-British Americans over here.

Henry Agard Wallace, Vice-President of the United States:

Flying straight in the face of Vice-Presidential tradition, Iowa-born, farm-bred Henry Wallace has taken on a staggering number of Government duties since he has been in office. Not the least of these is his undeclared position as spokesman of the Administration on post-war planning. Already his bright vision of a Christian peace on earth with economic security for all has tagged him the Woodrow Wilson of World War II. This war, Wallace believes, is a People's War. Common men of every nation are fighting this fight with all their hearts. Their common goal is political and economic freedom for every nation, and for every man, "the privilege of drinking one quart of milk a day."

To realize in the peace the goals the common man is fighting for now, Mr. Wallace proposes:

1. A Program of Post-War Rehabilitation and Reconstruction undertaken by the United Nations. This program is to include the same points as Mr. Churchill's, plus two additional

points: supervision of education in German and Japanese schools, and world-wide reconstruction of war-devastated industries and agriculture. (Wallace is adamant on this last point because, he believes, by increasing the productive capacity of other countries, we will increase their ability to buy our goods, and indirectly improve our own economic position. Also, he believes the contentment and economic well-being of all the peoples of the world is the best practical guarantee of world peace.)

2. A World Political Organization, probably set up as a World Council, with *all* the nations of the world as members, and with the Atlantic Charter as its Bill of Rights. The aim of this body will be "to preserve international liberty in a political sense, equality of international trade, security against war and business depression due to international causes, and unity of purpose in promoting the general welfare of the world." This council will maintain only the minimum of central authority necessary, and whenever possible will leave regional matters in regional hands.

3. A World Court to settle the disputes arising between members of the World Council.

4. A World Police Force to enforce the World Court's decisions and to prevent further aggression. As the main arm of this force, Wallace suggests that the international government construct a "network of globe-girdling airways." During peacetime, these airways will carry on commercial traffic, but, at the first sign of aggression, they will convert to a military force and mercilessly bomb the aggressor nation. At all times these airways will be under the direct control of the World Council.

5. International Economic Committees set up within the World Council to ensure for all nations freedom of the seas, freedom of the air, and freedom of access to raw material. These committees will also maintain an international bank, and an international TVA, "based on such projects as, say, an international Dnieperstroy Dam." As a means of combating world-wide unemployment, Mr. Wallace suggests that these committees set up a productive international public works program. A good starter, he says, would be a combined highway and airway from southern South America across the United States, with feeder highways from China, India, Canada, and from Alaska into Siberia and on into Europe via the Middle East.

(This is where the rampant Republican Congresswoman from Connecticut, Clare Boothe Luce, came in. She stood up on the House floor to make her maiden speech, fighting mad. Mrs. Luce, it seems, does not believe in "planning now," or at least not until we hear what Mr. Stalin has to say about it. And, if we ever do get around to planning, she wants none of Mr. Wallace's international economic controls, which she calls "bigger, redder, more royal New Deals for the whole world." Above all, she dislikes his proposed policy of Freedom of the Air, which would reduce the United States' pre-war air monopoly, and put all nations on a competitive basis in commercial air traffic. So exasperated was Mrs. Luce that she summed up Mr. Wallace's ideas in one devastating word, which had a brief popularity. That word was "Globaloney."

Mr. Wallace's reply to this attack was brief. He said: "It is possible now to get votes, build prestige, and even make money by shouting American supremacy of the air, but when we yield to American imperialism of this type, we are working for the death of our children—in World War III.")

6. Future Independence of Colonial Possessions. Mr. Wallace has made no direct statement on the sovereignty of colonial possessions, but his position, from the following statements, is pretty clear. He says, "No nations will have the God-given right to exploit other nations—there must be neither military nor economic imperialism. The methods of the nineteenth century will not work in the people's century which is about to begin.... There can be no privileged peoples."

7. A Better Domestic Policy for the United States. In the future, Mr. Wallace believes, we must ensure, in our democratic way, full employment and full production for the benefit, not of privileged groups, but of the common man. Such a policy, he believes, will be the most potent sales talk we can give the world for our own belief in democratic doctrines.

Sumner Welles,
United States Under-Secretary of State:

SURPRISING both the public and the press, Mr. Welles, our impeccable "diplomat's diplomat," once described by a Latin-American president as a "tall glass of ice-water," rose to his feet on May 30, 1942, at Arlington, Virginia, and delivered one of the most moving speeches of the war. Simply, tellingly, he stated what he believes our country will demand of the post-war world.

1. A Program of Post-War Rehabilitation and Relief, undertaken by the United Nations. This program is to include the disarmament of the Axis countries as set forth in the Atlantic Charter, the punishment of the guilty leaders, the establishment of gigantic systems of relief for devastated areas, and the formation of a temporary United Nations Police Force "to ensure freedom from fear to peace-loving peoples until a permanent policing system is established as promised by the Atlantic Charter."

2. A World Political Organization with the United States as a nucleus. The first job of this organization will be to draw up a just, honest, and durable peace after the huge task of relief and rehabilitation has been done. (Mr. Welles is an ardent advocate of a long Armistice—say, ten to twenty years of settlement and readjustment before the permanent Peace Treaty is drawn up. Haste in preparation, he believes, was one of the main causes for the failure of the Versailles Treaty.)

After the peace is made final, this World Organization will have the permanent job of making rules for international living, and of changing them to suit the times as the years go by. (The Under-Secretary prefers to leave the outlines of this body very vague, calling it "an organization for international political cooperation" rather than a World Council or a World Government.)

3. A World Court set up as part of the World Organization to settle disputes between nations. (This Court was not suggested in Welles' Arlington speech, but was brought out in his speech before the New York Herald Tribune Forum some months later.)

4. A World Police Force maintained by the United Nations until the final Peace Treaty is signed. Then it will be transferred to the World Organization and will be maintained cooperatively by all member nations.

5. Revised International Trade Policies which will prevent wealth from centering in the hands of privileged minorities, and will assure fair distribution of the world's produce to all nations. This task Mr. Welles calls "our new frontier—the frontier of human welfare."

6. Future Independence for Colonial Possessions. In Mr. Welles' words, "We must assure the sovereign equality of peoples throughout the world. Discrimination between peoples because of race, creed, or colour must be abolished. The age of imperialism is ended." (This was the most startling of all Mr. Welles' statements because they *(Continued on page 76)*

Questions on Childbirth

Old wives' tales, new wives' facts . . . forty-two answers

BY GRETTA PALMER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gretta Palmer, for five years, was the editor of the women's page of the New York World Telegram. Now a free-lance writer, she specializes in medical pieces. Writing for the layman, her information is authoritative. The American Medical Association has verified the facts in this article.*]

YOU know many women who are having a 1943 baby; perhaps you're having one yourself. How much do you know about the latest scientific findings as to childbirth? You probably laugh at the old wives' tale that a sharp knife under the bed makes a woman's labour easier, yet you may believe half-a-dozen legends about pregnancy which are just as absurd. Many educated, well-informed men and women do.

Can you disentangle fact from superstition in the following statements? If you can, you're a very well-informed woman, indeed.

1. *More boy babies are born during a war period than in normal times.*

True. The birth ratio of boys to girls increases to about one hundred and fifteen to one hundred during all wars.

2. *If the mother is the strong character in the household, her child is more apt to be a boy.*

False. The personality of the parents has no apparent effect on their children's sex.

3. *There is a reliable method of determining whether a woman is pregnant within the first ten days.*

True. The Aschheim-Zondek test is believed to be almost infallible. This test depends upon the fact that during pregnancy certain hormones of the pituitary gland are present in the waste fluids of the body in large quantities: these, injected into a mouse, cause a rapid maturing of the animal's egg-cells. A few days after the injection, the animal is surgically opened and the ovaries examined. As early as a week after a woman becomes pregnant, this test may be used.

4. *It is dangerous for a woman older than twenty-five to have a first baby.*

False. A higher infant and maternal mortality occurs when mothers are below twenty and over thirty-five. Between these ages, babies may most safely be borne.

5. *In any large population, it is mathematically possible to predict the number of twins, triplets, and quadruplets that will be born in a given year.*

True. The incidence of twin births, to all races and colours, is one out of 87; triplets occur once in 6,569 births —the square of 87. Quadruplets occur once in a number of births equal to 87 raised to the third power, et cetera.

6. *If the pregnant woman does not have enough calcium in her diet, an unborn baby will seize it from her teeth.*

False. The baby seizes calcium more often from the mother's bones than from her teeth. But dental attention, at the beginning of a pregnancy, is still desirable to prevent mouth infections, which might be harmful if they became general.

7. *In the last months of pregnancy, a doctor can unfailingly tell what sex the baby will be by the fetal heartbeats.*

False. No one can predict sex with certainty.

8. *A woman has exactly as great a mathematical chance of bearing a girl baby as a boy.*

False. The birth proportion of boys to girls is about one hundred and eleven to one hundred.

9. *The boy baby is usually more delicate than the girl baby, after birth, and less apt to survive his first months.*

True. One-fifth more boy than girl babies die in their first year.

10. *The size of the baby can be reduced by having the mother control her diet during pregnancy.*

False. The most modern opinion is that a mother's diet does not generally affect the size of the baby at birth.

11. *Babies today are smaller at birth than they were fifty years ago.*

False. We hear so much of "twelve-pound boys" of a generation ago because parents then were proud of the size of their babies and exaggerated their weight.

12. *For a mother to drink alcohol during pregnancy is worse for the baby than to do so while she is nursing him.*

False. Drinking alcohol while nursing a baby is known to be deleterious to its health; doctors are not in entire agreement as to whether mild drinking, during pregnancy, has any effect on the unborn child.

13. *Childbirth is much easier for a primitive woman than for one in a civilized society.*

True. Because of their better-developed muscles, primitive women have usually an easier natural labour than sedentary women of civilized society. When complications occur, however, the civilized woman, in a clean hospital, has a far better chance of survival.

14. *A seven-months' baby has a greater chance of survival than an eight-months' baby.*

False. The closer a baby is to having reached its full, natural development, the greater its chances to survive.

15. *The first baby is more apt to come before its time than later ones.*

False. There is no difference between the first and later babies in this respect.

16. *A mother has more difficulty in labour with a boy baby than a girl.*

True. The boy baby, usually larger, is more difficult to deliver. This is because of his greater size, not because of his sex.

17. *Excessive use of anæsthetics leads to a high infant mortality rate.*

True. Much of the infant and maternal mortality in this country is blamed, by prominent obstetricians, on mothers' demands for painless childbirth.

18. *Pregnant women must eat for two.*

False. Too much food may add too much weight, and overweight leads to toxemia.

19. *Tub baths are not advised for a woman in the last stages of pregnancy.*

True. Neither very hot nor very cold showers should be taken in the last weeks before the birth, and tub baths should be avoided.

20. *A woman is more apt to have a baby at the menopause than at any earlier period of her life.*

False. There are on record only a very few cases in which women who have never before been able to conceive have done so towards the end of the menopause period.

21. *The fertility of a woman increases as she gets older.*

True—to a point. A woman's fertility is believed to increase from puberty until some time between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, when it attains its peak. After that it gradually decreases.

22. *About half of the cases of sterility in marriage are curable.*

True. Great advances have been made in this specialty in recent years.

23. *In cases of sterility, it is oftener the woman who is sterile than the man.*

True. The sterility in the male is to blame in between thirty and fifty per cent. of the cases brought to the attention of physicians.

24. *Painless childbirth is now possible for every mother, in her own home, thanks to medical advances in recent months.*

False. New methods of painless childbirth can only be used in up-to-date hospitals with trained obstetricians in charge.

25. *If a pregnant woman has a "strange craving" for some food, it is important to go to any lengths to satisfy it, since this expresses a deep physical need.*

False. Rarely are any of these cravings for substances missing from the diet; some of them are hysterical whims. In no case is it essential that the article be produced immediately—the next day will do.

26. *Although abortion is illegal, it is far less dangerous to a woman than having a baby.*

False. The death rate from abortions is, in proportion, about ten times as high as that from normal childbirth.

27. *Older women are more apt to bear twins than young ones.*

True. The birth of twins is, for some reason, more apt to happen in the case of women over thirty-five. Blondes also have twins oftener than brunettes.

28. *The sex of a baby is determined at the second of conception.*

True. There are two kinds of sperm—the male-producing and the female-producing kinds. It is pure chance which type unites with the egg-cell at the moment of conception.

29. *A mother can not become pregnant again while she is nursing her baby.*

False. There are many cases on record in which this has occurred.

30. *The prolonged use of contraceptives may make it impossible for a woman ever to have a child.*

False. Unless a woman uses some harsh chemical contraceptive or injurious mechanical contrivance, which damages her tissues, the effect on her fertility is none.

31. *Garments hung from the shoulders are better for a pregnant woman than those attached about the waist.*

True. There is less strain and discomfort.

32. *If the mother dies in childbirth, the baby has just as great a chance for survival as if she had lived.*

False. The death rate for motherless infants in the first year is four times as high as the normal rate.

33. *Babies born at yearly intervals to a mother are as apt to live as if there were periods of several years between them.*

False. Where the interval between the births of two babies is less than two years, the infant mortality rate is one and one-half times as high as if the children were spaced.

34. *Babies born to parents of mature years are more intelligent than children of very young parents.*

False. Any advantage the child may reap from having maturer parents comes after birth, not before.

35. *A severe shock suffered by a pregnant woman may mark her baby.*

False. The theory of prenatal influence causing marking of the body has been completely exploded by physicians.

36. *Mother's milk is no better for a baby than a good formula.*

False. Physicians believe that a baby who is nursed has a far better chance for health than the bottle-fed.

37. *Recent research indicates that the season of birth increases a child's chance of growing up to be a genius.*

Perhaps. Papers on this topic have appeared this year in reputable medical magazines, but the truth has not been established.

38. *The period of a woman's fertility lasts less than forty-eight hours in any month.*

True. Some doctors say it lasts less than twelve hours.

39. *It does not hurt the baby if the nursing mother smokes cigarettes.*

True. Studies reported to the American Medical Association Convention show this.

40. *If a woman's diet during pregnancy is regulated by a physician, she is more apt to have a healthy baby.*

True. Women on poor diets have longer labour, more miscarriages, and sicklier babies.

41. *More babies are born in the night than in the day.*

False. It only seems true, because we are more apt to remember the times when we were dramatically awakened in the night with such news, than the times when it has come during the day.

42. *"Quickening" is the first reliable proof of pregnancy a woman has.*

True. There are very exceptional cases in which quickening has been felt by women who believed themselves pregnant and who even assumed the other symptoms, including nausea and swelling of the abdomen. (Quickening is usually a subjective feeling.) Not subjective, however, are the reliable signs which come from the variations of the Aschheim-Zondek test or the appearance of the fetal heartbeat, which can not be duplicated by other conditions.

A Private With No Privacy

A buck private in Company A, his three friends . . . and the Little Colonel

BY PRIVATE ZERO MOSTEL

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Limpid-eyed, Zero Mostel has the ingratiating charm of an overgrown baby. One of America's most hilarious comics, he is now a private at Camp Croft, where, besides doing his normal infantryman's stint by day, he casually amuses the officers and men after work in his free time. Most of his stuff is just comic versions of their own life, riding in a jeep, taking orders from new Second Lieutenants, doing K.P. Many of these routines have been done on overnight bivouacs.*

Besides being a top-rank entertainer—his last film was "Du Barry Was a Lady"—he is a painter whose canvases have been exhibited in New York, Boston, and Washington. Working with the Federal Arts Project, he painted miners and sharecroppers, his palette bright and heavy with colour, his paintings sure of an overtone of tenderness and humour.]

IN the barracks there are sixty-five beds, and when you enter the Army you don't get a choice. You do not say, "I want a double bed with an innerspring mattress." That one goes to the acting Corporal. You get a bed, one bed, and if you are skinny, that is good—the bed fits you. If you are vice versa, you are vice versa.

Also, you do not say, "I wish to have a cot next to my friend, Laughing Boy." You are a number from the day you walk into the Army. Everything is done by numbers, and in the end, if you are well known, you are called by your first two numbers—if you are well known.

In every one of the sixty-five cots there are individuals sleeping. And your whole life goes into the foot locker and the rack over your head. A company has four barracks, a battalion sixteen, and, at sixty-five individuals each, you have quite a wholesale democracy flourishing. So quite unlike our enemies, the German and the Japanese armies, we have fighting on our side Americans, Chinese, Polish, Norwegians, Russians, Greeks, Liths, Lapps, and Bill Saroyan, who goes without saying.

Some bucks are even mixtures of peoples. You can sometimes see, if you look fast to the right or left, a guy with a Greek body which he got from his father, and red hair which he got from his mother in Bear Mountain, who got it from her father who was Scotch and hated salt tablets. And the water in the shower does not care *who* is under the nozzle—it just waters; that is, if the barracks guard had lit—or shall we say lighted?—the furnace, and not goldbricked by writing to his Canuck girl friend in Maine in French.

Also we have names. There is one guy whose name is actually Jones; the others vary from Ambrozia to Zundt. You get the idea that if all these various peopled bucks are fighting in this war—we are fighting on the right side, and who'll win? Well, you've heard about that Notre Dame eleven which didn't have one Irishman on its squad, yet they always won—you understand.

Now to the Army come these individuals, and to them come new experiences, new things outside of the gun and bayonet, which are new, too. The Army causes them to do things they never did before. This I don't understand myself, so for myself I prove it this way.

Not all men come into the Army. Some are already in, the fellows who make a profession of the Army, the people who drill for thirty years so that, at the end of that time, they will be able to think for eleven million men. One of these is the Little Colonel. He is up before dawn cracks. He dashes onto the drill field, looking like a Cocker Spaniel with pink ears and bristles. He seems to bark to himself. When he reaches the field, 5 by 5 bares his Cocker fangs and screams in a voice that seems to be magnified 12,600 times, "Every man a Commando."

The bucks are peacefully sleeping. But they wake up without stretching. You'd think a flock of Stukas was overhead. We pour into our fatigues, and away we go with the Little Colonel. We dash to the obstacle course, the Colonel yapping at the pack like a Spaniel at the herd's feet. Back and forth he dashes until he reaches the rope climb, and up he scoots, fifty years and all, like a monkey bobbing atop a football.

And we fall and follow as he hurdles, climbs, jumps—following the fox, and whenever we die and falter, he dashes up, and roars into your ears, "Every man a Commando," and up you go, Commando from Delancey Street to 'Frisco, and woe betide them who obstruct our course, be they obstacle courses or Fascist. His philosophy in this war amounts to the single idea that if you follow what he does, what will happen? "If you follow me, boys, the war will end before the duration."

In our barracks is one called Mike Peet. He is short and claims general staff influence because he is a private first class. He has a dwarf's head, and when he laughs his mouth parts wide enough to show teeth all not his own. And there is gold and silver and platinum and opals and rubies and stars—that is because he took such good care of them. And before he goes to bed, he puts them into a wonderful cut-glass glass, and when you look up at them, they seem to be laughing at you all the time.

BUT in the cold spell at Camp Upton, the barracks woke up to a bedlam of curses and wood peckings seldom heard at the front. Pvt. F. C. Peet was standing in the middle of the room, chopping at his glass and his teeth, which were frozen into the glass. And he pecked and bit until they were almost free—these laughing teeth. Never did it occur to him that hot water would free the sparklers. That is funny, but not caused by the part that the P.F.C. was in service. It could have happened to him in the Bronx if he had put his teeth in the Frigidaire.

There are things which are caused by Army life, and this is the story of Tex. From the Kentucky backwoods comes Tex—and is called Tex because he is from Kentucky and not Texas. He has a gleam in his eyes for anything which doesn't look like a tree, or corn-pone, or bare feet. So he sees people in town congregating with as much as ten or fifteen in one group. This is Mecca, at least. For where in the backwoods does one see ten or fifteen people together?

So forgetting he is a soldier with duties like mopping, cleaning, firing, chowing, he stays in town (two miles away) despite the fact he must be in bed at eleven P.M. with a "sail" up. This sail is a shelter-half, which is put up on one side of the bed to keep one buck from coughing into another buck's feet. But Tex is usually not there to do this. He is watching people drinking 3.2 *(Continued on page 68)*

LIBSOHN

NIGHT BIVOUAC, CAMP CROFT: PRIVATE ZERO MOSTEL ENTERTAINING HIS COMPANY

Mrs. Iva Patcévitch, chic and proficient, cans the fruits of her garden

BALKIN

MAKING YOUR OWN POINTS

Preserve for winter the fruits of summer

By Nada Patcévitch

SIX years ago, or thereabouts, when we first bought our farm in the country, nobody had begun to think about war, and the words "Victory Gardens," "Priorities," "rationing," "food coupons," and so on, were words dimly remembered from the last war, or words not yet coined.

With us it was the urge that comes sooner or later to so many city dwellers, to get back to a simple and more peaceful life, that sent us out week-end after week-end to comb the countryside within a hundred-mile radius of New York in search of "the" house. It must be old and roomy; it must have a view, and a brook, and a fruit orchard, and it must be far from other houses. Well, some of the things we found, and some we didn't. But we *did* find the fruit orchard; and we made ourselves a spacious vegetable-garden, that was hoed, and watered, and raked with the tenderest care, and planted with everything we could think of...heaps and heaps of everything. And one fine day they all came tearing up! Bushels of corn, and barrows full of carrots and beets and eggplants, and asparagus, and tomatoes, and parsnips, and raspberries and strawberries, and what have you. Our friends were overcome at the generous gifts of fruit and vegetables we sent them all through the spring and summer, and late into the autumn; but still our garden grew with positively malicious abandon. And my back ached with picking, and my thrifty soul revolted at the thought of wasting what I had picked. And then canning came into my life.

Looking idly through one of the mail-order catalogues, I saw a picture of a strange and wonderful object called a pressure canner. The caption read, "Can your surplus fruit and vegetables the modern safe way, and stock up on vitamins for next winter." I grabbed an order form and took up my pen.

Now that my canner and I have done a man-sized job for nearly seven summers, I have almost forgotten what a terrifying contraption I found it the first time I used it. It was heavy, and had mysterious nuts and bolts, and a pressure-gauge that said, "20 lbs. pressure DANGER." I handled it much as one would a time-bomb, convinced that it would blow me sky-high any moment. But that was seven years ago, and now that the necessity is here to conserve every particle of food we possibly can, I am thankful for the experience I gained.

There is no question but that the pressure system of canning is far and away the best. Firstly, it cuts down the time necessary for the hot or cold pack method to about a third; secondly, it destroys all bacilli, notably the botulinus, which is not always the case with the old-fashioned system; and the products keep for a greater length of time.

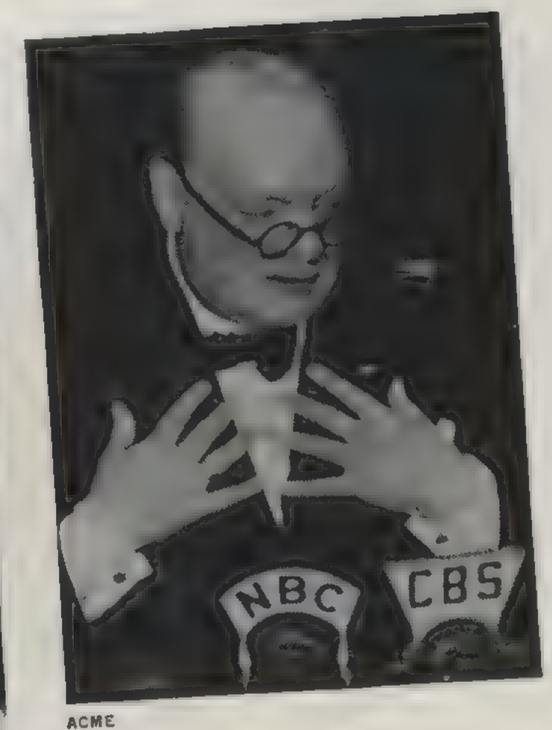
Not long ago, the Government announced its intention of releasing one hundred and fifty thousand pressure cookers. These will not be procurable from retail shops or stores. You will have to get a ration certificate from your nearest County Farm Rationing Committee, and the more people who share the canner, the better the chances are of getting one. As for sugar—you can get *(Continued on page 73)*

Your Hands and

HAVE YOU CLOSED FINGERS LIKE Madame Chiang Kai-shek's?

Closed fingers are the label of the essentially shy and reserved, of people who maintain an iron-clad control over their emotions. Although bound by rigid parental and nationalist ties, such people choose their path with care and courage, follow it at any cost. In less highly-developed personalities, closed fingers indicate overcaution, a tendency to be ham-strung by conventions, a fear complex

HAVE YOU OPEN FINGERS LIKE Winston Churchill's?



ACME

Open fingers are the label of the innately revolutionary spirit, vivid, agile, impressionable. Such people never hesitate when action is necessary; their mental mobility permits them to adjust easily to disappointments or new sets of circumstances. Tenacious resistance and perseverance are indicated by this thumb. On the negative side, such a thumb can change tenacity into pig-headed stubbornness

Your Gestures ... BY WALTER SORELL

The psychology of gestures and hand-positions is a comparatively new science. While studying in Vienna and doing research here in New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, I have been able to help attending psychiatrists quickly identify types, gauge degrees of extrovertism and introvertism, by analyzing the structure of the patients' hands, and their unconscious, habitual gestures.

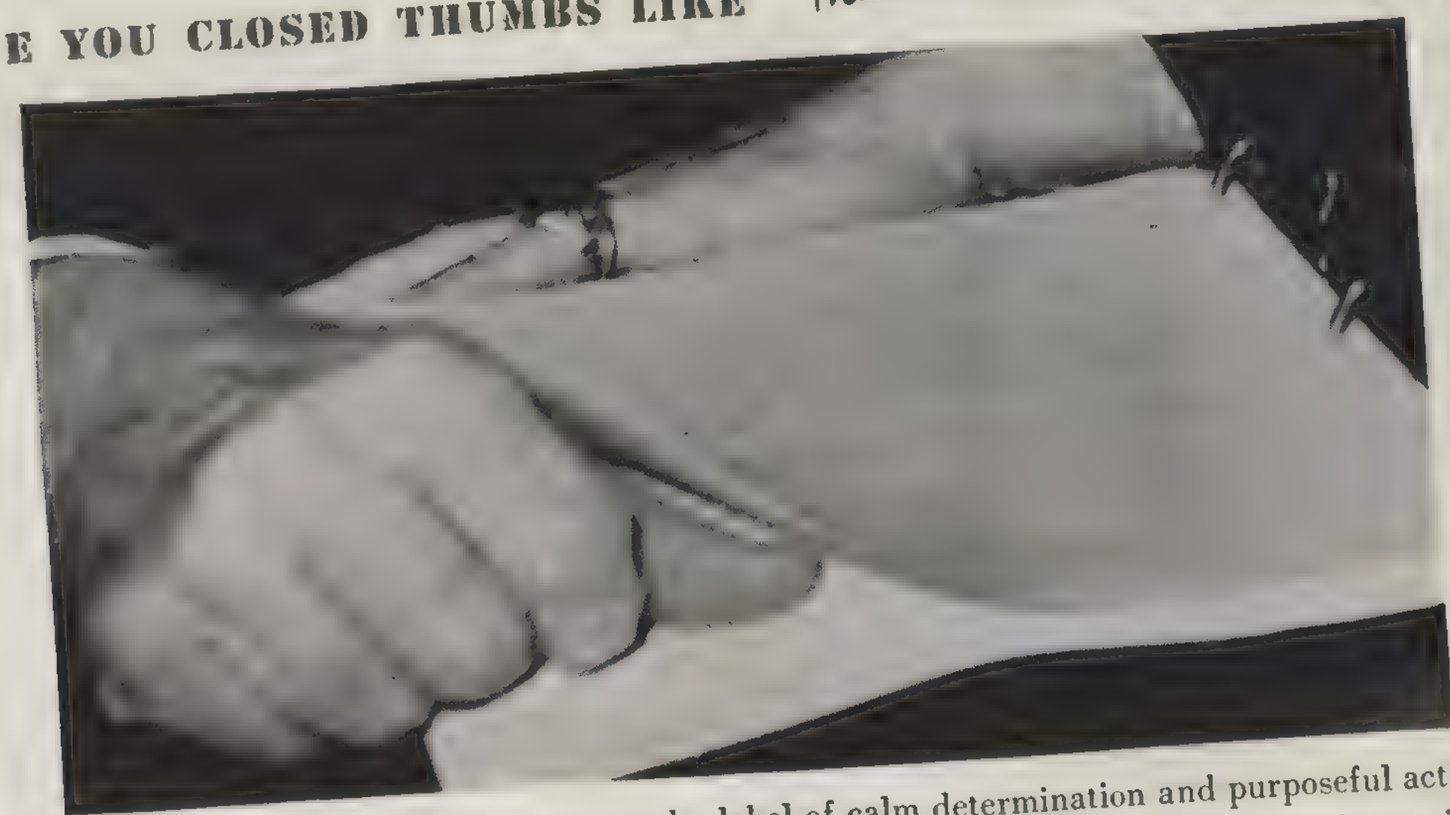
In the hand, the fingers are the key, the thumb the backbone of the personality. A tendency to hide the thumb in the fist indicates a fear complex, acute dependence on others. The thumb clenched inside a tight fist with the thumbnail peeping out, indicates a suspicious nature. Hands with up-tilting finger tips belong to flexible personalities, impulsive and quick-tempered. On this page, four basic hand-positions. On the next two pages four basic gestures.

HAVE YOU THUMBS-UP LIKE Clare Luce's?

ACME

Thumbs-up are the label of the high-strung person with a masculine intellectual approach. On the positive side, this thumb indicates a well-developed fighting nature, a one-tracked determination to achieve the desired end. On the negative side, it is characteristic of one who tends to over-compensate for inhibitions by a show of strength, an attempt to dominate. This often results in self-exhaustion

HAVE YOU CLOSED THUMBS LIKE Franklin D. Roosevelt's?



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Closed thumbs are the label of calm determination and purposeful action. The thumb resting placidly beside the fingers indicates that mind dominates emotion. On the positive side, it emphasizes that logic is the driving force. Such a person never gives in as long as the intellect points up the righteousness of the cause. On the negative side, such a person becomes a fighter only when forced to fight

MORE HANDS AND GESTURES ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES

Here are four basic gestures. Noting whether or not they are habitual or only occasional supplies an added clue to personality and background. Before a child learns to talk, it uses a hand language. Later this language of hand movement drops into secondary place, but it remains an integral part of the individual for life. Intensity of gesture is both hereditary and racial, but the way in which the gestures are made is as individual, as personal, as the way you live your life. Thumbs-up, Britain's symbol of courage, was no fluke choice, nor is it entirely attributable to its legendary meaning in gladiatorial fights... it is the inherent, unconscious gesture of an individual, or of a people loaded with self-confidence and determination to win.

HAVE YOU THE PUSH OFF GESTURE LIKE Fiorello La Guardia's?

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

The push-off gesture is the label of the introvert (obviously in this photograph the adjusted introvert), one who expects to be attacked and is prepared to resist. On the positive side, it shows preparedness and co-ordination. When this movement is enlarged by outstretching the arms from the body, it denotes a tendency to aggressiveness and the extrovert qualities. On the negative side, it is a fearing gesture

HAVE YOU THE CHOPPING GESTURE LIKE Eleanor Roosevelt's?

PIX, INC.

The chopping gesture is the label of the highly emotional, but resolute extrovert. On the positive side, it is a high-tension sign inevitably found in the world's greatest enthusiasts, in the doers, the people of action. It is a determined, crusading gesture.

On the negative side, such people are likely to be carried away or misled by the flood of their emotions. They are easily inflamed and tend to ignore, impatiently, interference or delays of any kind. They are also likely to believe that their position on a given issue is the only one tenable, and that their way of action is the only way.

HAVE YOU THE OFFERING GESTURE LIKE *General de Gaulle's?*

BLACK STAR

The offering gesture is the label of the open, frank character, one who tends to conceal nothing. On the positive side, such a person, once his mind is made up, is completely trustworthy, and utterly reliable. He is inclined to arbitrate anything, provided the proposition is basically decent. On the negative side, these people are the world's worst diplomats. Irritable and impatient, they are inordinately blunt

HAVE YOU THE CLUTCHING GESTURE LIKE *Adolf Hitler's?*

BLACK STAR

Clutching fingers are the label of the reckless fanatic. On the positive side, the hunger is for family or national wealth; this is a typically self-centred gesture. On the negative side, the clutching, spasmodic trembling of the hand shows lack of co-ordination. Insecurity and emotional tension are the prime driving force. The thumb pressing in toward the other four fingers shows anxiety, desperation, a consciousness of humiliation

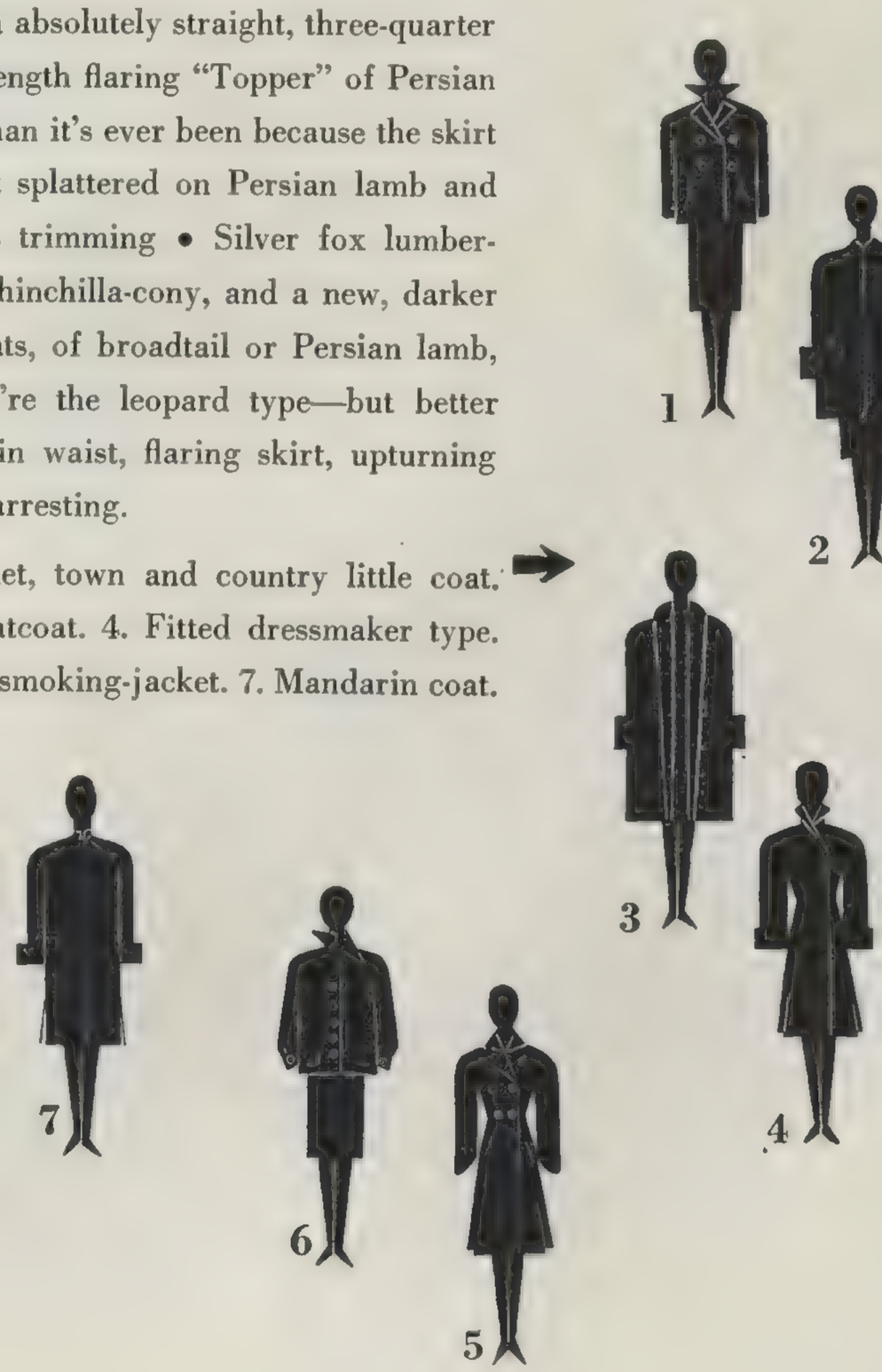
NUTRIA NEWS...THE PEA JACKET

FUR INVESTMENT COUNSEL

THE first thing to do when you think of furs this year is to decide whether you really need a fur coat. If you don't—stop there. Don't buy one. Put the money into War Bonds instead. If you *do* need a fur coat—then realize that this year you pay more, quality for quality, than furs have cost in a very long time.

These two hurdles taken—if you are still in the running—this is what you will find: (1) No furs are really plentiful, but Persian lamb, mink, Alaska Sealskin, silver fox, skunk, and American opossum are reasonably adequate. (2) Fewer types of furs; less beaver than last year, less nutria, less muskrat than ever before; no kidskin; only small quantities of lynx, ocelot, Australian opossum, leopard. (3) In general—a frankly practical drift that says: "This coat has to do for everything, so it had better be *good* for everything." (4) In ideas—practically no *chichi;* collections of great beauty and superb design; coats of distinction, by designers determined to show that a fur coat, just because it has to say a lot, needn't be a *cliché.* For example:

Little half-coats of flat American broadtail that go perfectly over anything from a slim tweed suit to a slim black dinner-dress • Fur pea jackets, copied exactly from the sailor's coat, in nutria (opposite page), and also in sealskin and Persian lamb • Classic greatcoats of mink—enveloping, luxurious; something to keep you super-warm and to wear over everything for (practically) the rest of your life • Officers' coats in sealskin or nutria or lamb, made with a man-tailor's attention to detail and cut—with the precision of your officer husband's top-coat • Tightly-belted fur trench-coats, knee-length, cut like the Air Corps officers' • Chinese elegance in an absolutely straight, three-quarter length mandarin coat of Russian broadtail • The mid-length flaring "Topper" of Persian lamb, both black and grey, or broadtail; more right than it's ever been because the skirt beneath it is so slim • Tuxedo fronts; fur Ascots; jet splattered on Persian lamb and broadtail; little upstanding collars; white fur used as trimming • Silver fox lumber-jackets • A great deal of grey—grey Persian lamb, chinchilla-cony, and a new, darker shade in Australian opossum • Fitted dressmaker coats, of broadtail or Persian lamb, extraordinarily supple and fabric-like • And, if you're the leopard type—but better make sure—look for a belted leopard reefer, cinched-in waist, flaring skirt, upturning collar, vaguely Russian Cossack, definitely dramatic, arresting.



CHARACTERISTIC FUR COATS OF 1943. 1. The pea jacket, town and country little coat. 2. Three-quarter length "Topper." 3. Full, loose greatcoat. 4. Fitted dressmaker type. 5. Fitted Chesterfield. 6. Dinner-jacket, cut like English smoking-jacket. 7. Mandarin coat.

⬅ PEA JACKET (opposite)

News! The pea jacket is a fur jacket now. The same little pea jacket we wore in wool has gone into fur for winter. This one is of nutria, boxy, double-breasted, oven-warm, with slit pockets like a seaman's. Should lead the busiest life we know—for day-in, day-out wear in town or country. $595. Lord and Taylor. John-Frederics' black fedora; $35. Both: Filene's; Kerr's

MINK IN FULL SWING. Classically-cut classic mink. Tuxedo coat of the hour, every hour, every year. Two lengths; both solid investments for any occasion, colour, all-around-the-clock life. ¾ length, Gunther. Long, Jaeckel. Beret and bowler, both at John-Frederics

GJON MILI

PERSIAN BROADTAIL FITTED CLOSE. Dressmaker coat for town. Of satin-swirled dyed Persian broadtail (Hollander Featherlite Brand). Close-hugging waist for slimness, warmth; flared skirt for free stride. Red felt-and-jersey hat. Both: Bergdorf Goodman

DAY-INTO-NIGHT COATS... Three lengths

DINNER-JACKET

TOPPER COAT

DINNER-JACKET, with surprising buttons, smoked pearl and rhinestones. American broadtail cut like an English smoking-jacket—a right look for sheath-slim afternoon and dinner dresses. A stand-up collar; boxy cut. From Hattie Carnegie; I. Magnin; Seidenbach's; L. S. Ayres.

TOPPER COAT. Slips from afternoon into evening with accustomed ease. As right over a slim black suit as over a dinner-dress, this finger-tip topper of dyed Persian lamb (Hammer Brand). Upstanding Johnny collar; dashing flare. From Altman; Carson Pirie Scott; Neiman-Marcus.

MANDARIN COAT. (Opposite) A new silhouette with Chinese influence. High collar; kimono sleeves; side slits at the hem; turned cuffs; deep pockets. A P.M. coat of dyed Russian broadtail (Hammer Brand). Shimmering and soft as fabric. From Jay-Thorpe; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; I. Magnin.

The . . . . 1926 REVIVAL

Back for 1943—the dearly-loved dress of the 1920's, with its waist-line slightly lifted. Back with its beautiful close-hugging, uncluttered line. Wool jumpers; crêpe jumpers; jumpers with jewelled buttons. Some in bright Russian colours. Some in soft beige. All with smoothly-planed shoulders, snug collars, flat buttons, belt—and the rest a flow of slimness. Slim as the letter "i" with a tiny beret for a dot.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Beige jumper dress of Enka Llama rayon crêpe. Crocodile belt. Joseph Halpert design. Sizes 10-18. $45. Lord and Taylor; Joseph Horne; Jordan Marsh.

TOP, LEFT: Angora beret worn like a skull-cap. About $33. Hattie Carnegie. I. Magnin.
BELOW, LEFT: Pinched-forward beret of black felt. $35. John-Frederics; L. S. Ayres.
RIGHT: Clamps on like a clam shell; felt beret. Lilly Daché; Neiman-Marcus.

RAWLINGS

Berets . . . BACK AND FORWARD

Jumper Dress

JOFFÉ

GOLDEN MEAN

Turn to gold for autumn. Two dinner-dresses of silk lamé, thin, crinkled, and shimmering as gold foil—an excitement in itself. With the formal quality of long dresses, the casual cut of short, they follow the Golden Mean for happy-medium evenings. Adele Simpson designs. Left: "Red Gold" cardigan suit. $60. Right: "Green Gold" dinner-sheath. $50. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Rich's

Black—good as gold for an autumn afternoon. Slim, straight dress of Celanese rayon crêpe; turned-back cuffs faced with satin; splashy satin bow. Not underdone like a morning dress, not overdone like a ballgown, but a Golden Mean for in-between-occasions —terrace tea or "Won't you stay for dinner?" $25. Carolyn Modes design. Arnold Constable; H. P. Wasson; Mandel Brothers

Shop Hound's

DISCOVERIES IN BEAUTY

SHOP-HOUND'S slipped her fun-and-fashion leash again, and has been padding around town to see what's brewing in the beauty shops. She's come back in rather a larky mood, with good and plentiful news.

In the Pink. John Hall, the hair-dresser, has just opened a new shop, at 26 East Fifty-sixth Street, that's all-pink, and pretty as the inside of a seashell. Not content with just giving you a good hair-do, Mr. Hall has some innovations in comfort that had Shop-hound just *sent.* For instance, while your hair is drying, you lie on a comfortable *chaise longue.* A cooling lotion is sprayed over your legs and feet (for, by this time, you've not only slipped off your shoes and stockings, but also your dress—which is being brushed and pressed by an efficient maid). You are given a frosty drink. And just in case you don't want to waste your time, they'll give you some note-paper to help you catch up on your correspondence. *And,* if you like, you can order a leg make-up, while still reclining. Mr. Hall will give business women a four-times-a-month service, of shampoo, set, and manicure, for only $10 a month. A shampoo and set, per visit, are (moderately) $2.

At this shop, you can have several kinds of permanent waves, and, among them, the E. Frederic method. This wave is given under a fool-proof set of controls that make it constantly the same. Travellers can be sure they are getting the same wave in New York that they had in Wichita—or whichever.

English Accent on Complexions. Ever since Queen Victoria's day, Englishwomen have been to Cyclax for beauty help. The first Court ladies whipped into the shop quickly—and heavily veiled. Those were the days when one was *naturally* pretty, you see. Now Cyclax duplicates the famous facials and more famous products, right on Fifty-third Street—7 East. When you have the unique Cyclax treatment, you are more apt to credit this than the fog for the famous English complexion. Your skin seems to develop that enviable clarity and freshness after an hour with this outpost of Empiah. They believe in a liquid cleanser, and follow this with a good circulation-raiser. A cream (looking wonderfully like marshmallow sauce) is rubbed and rubbed over your face and neck, with a china massage gadget. A huge jar of the cream has somehow disappeared, when the massage is over. Then you are gently urged to doze, with eye-pads over those little laugh-lines. You are wakened to have your face washed, like a child in the nursery, with a soft sponge and a super-fatted soap—and then your face is rinsed in clear water to which has been added a camphor-smelling bracer. You are finished off with a light, clear make-up—and go to meet your best beau!

Sun-and-Air and Summer Hair. The Ogilvie Sisters (who are *not* legends, but attractive, sympathetic women) have been specializing in hair treatments for donkey's years. And when most women need their advice, the most is right now, when the wind and the water and the sun have been making hay of hair. Naturally, a treatment in their Salon, at 604 Fifth Avenue, is a good starter for reconditioning. This costs a mere $1.50—and even if you had heaven-hair, would be worth it, just for the sheer relaxation gained. The Ogilvies set much professional store by their Creme Set—a preparation which puts burnt-out hair into a softer mood, and which is also indicated before the rigours of permanent waving. Like all their formulæ—excellent.

After-hours Beauty. So many women are working long hours now—and only taking Sundays to relax. The beauty shops want to help out—and many are staying open these evenings. Werner of Switzerland, open nightly until 7 for hair and facials...Lura de Gez is open Tuesdays until 9...Hudnut's Du Barry Success School courses nightly; and hair and facial appointments until 9 on Thursdays...Fred the Hairstylist is open Fridays until 7...Charles Bock will stay if appointments are made ahead...Antoine of Saks Fifth Avenue is open Thursdays until 9...Dorothy Gray has Thursday-night exercise classes...Helena Rubinstein's Wonder School courses are held nightly...D°Nu Edmond accepts 5:30 appointments Monday through Friday... Primrose House does manicures and repairs broken nails for busy typists, after hours...John Hall is open Tuesdays and Fridays until 7:30...

Antoine — who styles the loveliest heads in the world, perfects his fashioning of a woman's face into live, radiant beauty with gloriously rich creams, lotions, and dramatic make-up. These exquisite preparations are compounded from his famous Paris salon-formulas that have made him the greatest beauty-giver of today: 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ANTOINE

Tweedies
ALLURING FOOTWEAR

BOWBAR

SIDE POINT

CARRYING THROUGH

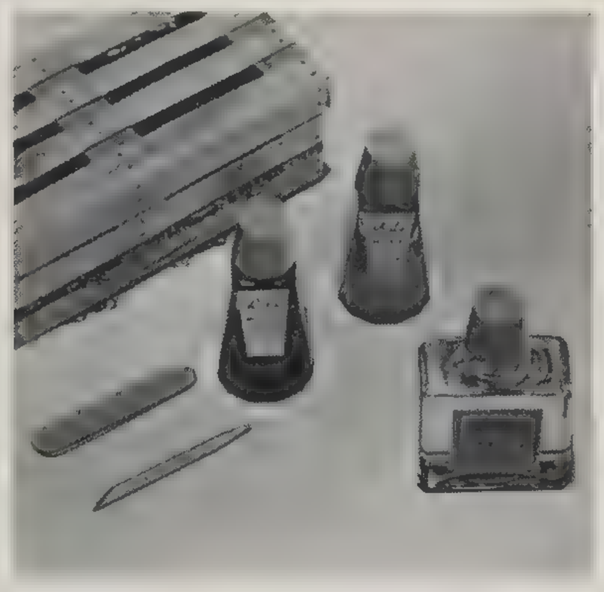
Steadfastly serving the home front . . . calm, capable — and lovely!

BUY WAR BONDS

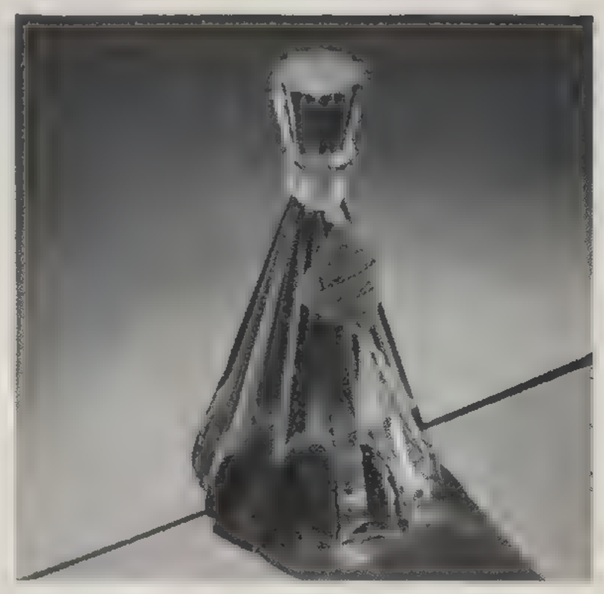
TWEEDIE FOOTWEAR CORPORATION
Jefferson City, Missouri

Shoemakers Since 1874

DISCOVERIES IN BEAUTY



Looking for all the world like a crate for the prizes from your Victory Garden —is Revlon's newest whimsey. Contains polish, remover, Adheron. Saks 5th



You liked D'Orsay's perfume "Intoxication"? Then you'll want to know about the eau de toilette en suite, which is bottled in the same flask. At Saks 5th

Alexandra de Markoff has a new lipstick and rouge shade—"Red Hot." A good companion to her Veil of Beauty foundation and powder. Bonwit Teller

There's a hitch to this bottle—a raffia one. It keeps the bottle from slipping away while you slick on Yardley's perfumed "Suntan Oil." Lord and Taylor

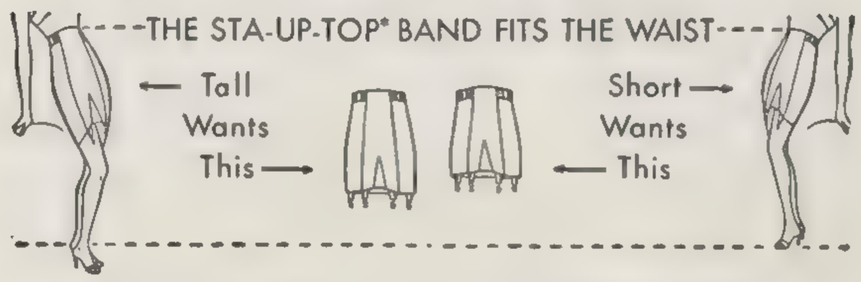
"On Fifth Avenue" is a disturbing, unforgettable scent—by Esmé of Paris. You'll like its strict design —reminiscent of a chemist's bottle. Bonwit Teller

BAKER

How slim ...
How lovely
your legs will look
clad in this beautiful
Velva Leg Film
soft ... smooth ...
water-resistant ... it
lasts until
washed away.
VELVA
LEG
FILM
Elizabeth Arden

WARNER'S
LE GANT* STA-UP-TOP*
Will Not Roll Over

WARNER'S
LE GANT* STA-UP-TOP*
Tall or Short—
Which Length Is Yours?



Girdles and Pantie-Girdles $8.50 to $35
The Warner Brothers Co., 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
In Canada: Parisian Corset Mfg. Co., Ltd., Quebec
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Pat. No. 2,136,742

A PRIVATE WITH NO PRIVACY

(Continued from page 46)

beer as if prohibition was just repealed.

Naturally he is AWOL. In eight weeks, Tex was AWOL eight times. Eight times he has changed from his O.D.'s into a blue uniform with a P on it, which shows he is a prisoner. And an M.P. follows him with a buckshot so he won't escape. And as soon as he mows a few thousand lawns, he's returned to the company and off he goes to town and his AWOL heaven. AWOL and only two miles away.

The Chaplain of the battalion was notified, as he usually is, as a last resort to talk to Tex on his "heaven," and he goes armed with his Bible to Tex, and he talks to him.

He says, "Tex, you know you're doing wrong."

"Yes, Father."

"Tex, you have to learn to be a soldier so that you may help beat Fascism."

"Yes, Father."

"Tex, you will reform, my son."

"Yes, Father."

The Father swelled up inside, for he had won someone over without a T.S. (Tough Stuff, if you know what I mean) slip. So the Father continues, "Tex, my son, if you stop you'll go to heaven. You will go to a division and be a good soldier."

"Yes, Father, I will."

"Tex, is there anything you want me to do for you?"

Tex looked up and said, "Father, I've always wanted some hair tonic and shave lotion just like the city people."

The Father considered this reasonable and went out and purchased twelve bottles of these sundries, and Tex, he went to heaven, he drank all this fine alcohol, and he got drunk and beat up his M.P., and when he was through being restricted, he once again went to "heaven" two miles away.

But the symbol of democracy to me is Peltola, the Norwegian refugee, in the barracks, who is a short, powerfully built man with teeth like tombstones and a voice which sounds as if it is passing through ten huge halls. He, among all others, reaped the benefits of democracy. He had escaped from Hitler, being missed by a German G-man every step of his way to America.

When the platoon leader gives the order, "Forward March!" Peltola has that gleam in his eyes which says, "Why not double time?" The rifle in his huge hands weighs two ounces, his pack is a natural growth on his back, the bayonet dummy is Hitler, or Goebbels in the very least. And the dumb target with its one eye is Quisling, and his shots go right through the eye. But everything the Norwegian buck does is a reflection of this spirit.

Friday nights the barracks are cleaned for inspection the next morning, so the place can be dirty the rest of the week. Everybody tries his darndest to goldbrick—"Buck the dog"—some do, some don't, we are human, and we try. But not Peltola; he bounds like Superman through space, sweat pouring down his stripped waist (this he calls gasoline), his mop flying furiously, beating back and forth, lifting the dirt and part of the floor, and yelling, "YOUR COUNTREE IS IN PERIL—MOP THE FLOORS."

He races down to the faucets, grabbing a bucket of hot, soapy suds; running up the stairs, he screams, "IF OUR COUNTREE IS TO WIN, JUMP FOUR STEPS AT A TIME."

But Peltola is a poster, a message. Peltola is democracy which works when the bucks enter the Army, and proudly shows where the hook or the anti-tetanus needle punctured the skin until he is mopping up the last defenders of Fascism. "GRIN AND SMILE, VICTORY IS NEAR," he roars as he walks and disappears into a turn in the road towards the troop train which goes to a point of embarkation—the fairyland from where men disappear to bring us Victory.

"A USELESS DELIGHT"

(Continued from page 34)

will be carried around in little packets, just as they always have been, again through wars and fires and floods. They will be the last thing to vanish, and I only hope that V Mail is printed on good strong stock.

It must be very hard on modern children who live in neat, modern apartments not to have an accumulation of some sort to play with. Old clothes to dress up in. Old magazines to laugh over. "Aren't the hats *funny*?" Nothing is quite such a joy at one stage as dressing up in costumes of another period.

I still remember when I was little, playing with a friend in an attic and finding a big leather trunk lined with red satin in which all of a great-aunt's trousseau had been stored. We were enchanted with our discovery and spent days swishing about in sweeping skirts and trussed into whaleboned bodices. There I found and have always remembered a little silk parasol that had a carved bird's claw for a handle! Now grandmother's dresses go to a thrift shop to be sold for her favourite charity, which is very, very worthy and solves the moth problem nicely, but is no fun for the grandchildren.

I heard of one woman blessed with several daughters and a large income, who used to put away her favourite dress every year for their dress-up box. That would be frowned on as extravagance now, but it must have been wonderful for the daughters.

Before this we have moved with such encumbrances as a large doll's house, complete with family and furniture, three live guinea-pigs, and several thousand books. If I only had a large enough attic, I would keep them all, even the guinea-pigs. You may keep "what you can't live without," but give me a "useless delight" any time.

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ACTION... ON A

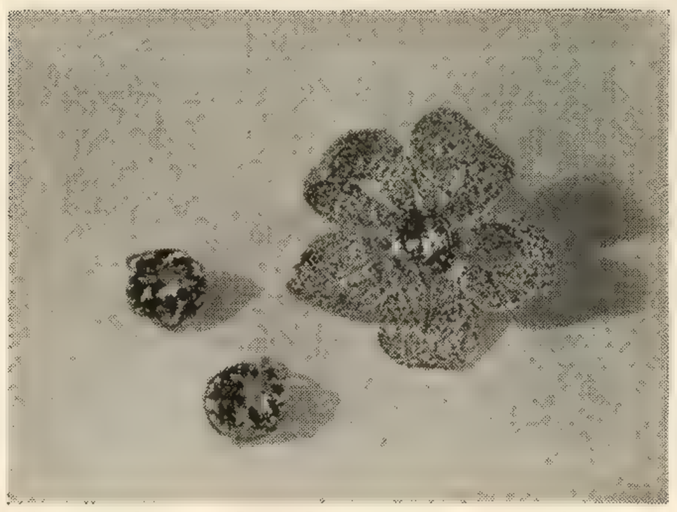
Friendly

FOOTING

All of us can do more these brimming days if we walk in comfort... and know that our footwear looks just as handsome to others as it feels to us. Give your active body the pleasure of durable ease afoot—blended into voguish lines from fine leathers by expert craftsmanship. Accept this Friendly invitation to wear Friendly Shoes, in action or repose . . . at prices ranging from $5 to $6.

EDGEWOOD SHOE FACTORIES..DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION..ATLANTA, GA.

TOUCH OF BRILLIANTS

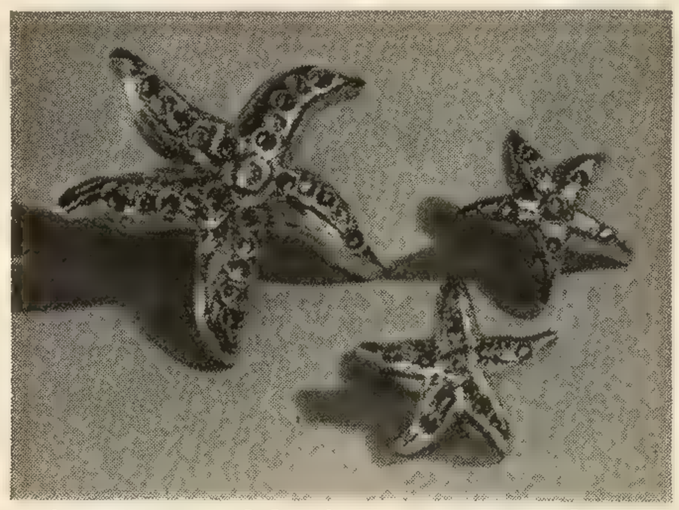


BAKER

Brilliant brilliants for night illumination, as cheering to a black dress as a candle in the dark. Coro's rhinestone-paved water-lily pin, $20; and matching "solitaire" earrings, $7.50. Altman

A splash of colour—dazzling raspberry-pink. Pure silk Echo scarf with a white Wedgwood pattern. An Ascot for day—a shawl for night—a handkerchief anytime. $5. Saks Fifth Avenue

Sparklers that can't burn out. Cut-steel shoe buckles on black suède belts. Easy magic when you want to make your little black dress exciting for night. Schaffer belts. About $3. Saks Fifth Ave.



Stud your night with starfish. Ceramic pin and earrings of pink plastic, pink and white stones. Pretty with your summer pastels. Pin, $6. Earrings, $6. By Leo Glass. At Bergdorf Goodman

JOFFÉ

Glossy black satin—high-light for after dark. These flat, open sandals have a silver lining. Pretty for short dinner-dresses, suits, pyjamas. Non-rationed. $13. Saks Fifth Avenue

DIAMONDS

SAPPHIRES

EMERALDS

and CHEN YU

made in U. S. A.

In her ring, her bracelet and clip, precious stones are cut a very new way, to create a new, more attractive beauty. That's what CHEN YU Nail Lacquer does for hands . . . creates new beauty — a chic-er kind . . . then makes it practical for every day wear, with a high-handed scorn for chipping!

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MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

HE must be on leave . . . to warrant such devastating chic. All is perfection . . . including her distinguished MARLBORO Cigarettes. Firm, full, unwilting . . . blended of tobaccos cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford . . . MARLBOROS give you rare smoking pleasure, *worth far more than their price!*

(MERELY A FEW EXTRA PENNIES)

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS
—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

MAKING YOUR OWN POINTS

(Continued from page 49)

extra rations for canning, up to a maximum of twenty-five pounds.

What to can

What fruits and vegetables to can is a very individual question, as so much depends upon the likes and dislikes of each individual family. But I personally have found certain things are not worth the trouble expended; as, for instance, carrots. They entail a great deal of work and are always tasteless. So is squash. And, personally, I don't care for canned asparagus.

Here is a list of the fruit and vegetables that, from my own experience, were the most successful.

Vegetables: string-beans; tomatoes and tomato-juice; corn; beets; green peas; Lima-beans; green peppers.

Fruits: berries; peaches; pears; plums; cherries; applesauce; rhubarb; fruit-juices.

Manufacturers of canners and canning jars both include booklets that give detailed technical information on the preparation and necessary canning time for each individual fruit and vegetable, so I will only tell you the vegetables and fruits I found particularly useful.

Tomatoes are always a godsend. As a simple vegetable, or "au gratin," or mixed with a little fried onion and chopped mushrooms as a filling for an omelette, for soup...they have a hundred uses.

It is a good idea, too, to put up beets both whole and sliced. The small whole ones are nice to serve as a vegetable, but when you want a beet salad in a hurry, select a jar of the sliced ones, and you save a lot of time.

Green peppers I have found another good standby. They are valuable chopped in a Spanish omelette, or added to a stew, or a cold vegetable salad.

We always can a lot of fruit-juices, for their uses are endless. Some we can without, some with, sugar. The sugarless kind we use for making jelly, and it is a blessing to be able to make it at a time when one has the leisure, instead of during the berry season when there is jam to make, as well. We use it, too, for gelatine desserts, adding as much sugar as the recipe calls for. The sweetened juice we use principally for summer drinks. It is delicious with soda-water, plenty of ice, some sliced lemon and lemon-juice, and a few sprigs of fresh mint. It is good, too, for pouring over steamed puddings in winter, and we even use it for sherbets and ice-creams.

It is worthwhile to take the trouble to make your canned fruit look nice. For instance, lay your halved peaches and pears carefully, hollow side down, in the jars, and grade them according to size; the big ones in one set of jars, and the smaller ones separately in other jars. It is easy to get them in with the help of a wooden spoon. You tilt the jar and lift the fruit-half concave side down on the back of the spoon, and then push it gently into place with the handle. As you peel and core your pears, drop them into a basin of salted water to prevent them from discolouring. One tablespoonful of coarse salt to two quarts of water. Of course, you have to wash them afterwards once or twice in fresh water before adding them to the syrup.

It is always difficult to know how many fruit halves go to fill a jar, as so much depends on the size of the fruit, but I have found that eighteen to twenty half-peaches, fourteen to eighteen half-pears, and twelve to eighteen plums are about right for a quart jar. It also depends upon the relative softness or hardness of the fruit.

Canning is really quite fun. Try it on your week-end guests. It is surprising how the most sophisticated take to it as ducks to water. And when it comes to peeling a hundred and fifty pears and peaches, shelling peas, slicing beans, and cutting the kernels off endless ears of corn, two or three extra pairs of hands, even inexperienced ones, are very welcome.

What You Will Need

For the beginner, in memory of my summer long ago, this is a list of necessary gadgets.

Apart from the canner, you will need the following equipment:

Glass jars. In two sizes, pint and quart. The type of jars that have a flat lid and a screw-on outside rim are the most satisfactory, as they seem to let the juice cook out less than those with a separate rubber ring. For large peaches, and pears canned in halves, the wide-mouthed jars are best, because the wide top allows you to put the fruit in without breaking it. However, these jars have always been rather difficult to get, and cost slightly more than the regular kind.

A large, long-handled ladle. For filling the jars with syrup.

Kitchen gauze. Which is sometimes necessary for straining syrup that has been used for heating several batches of fruit.

Enamel basins. The kind used for washing dishes, with handles on each side. You will need at least two of these, one medium and one large, for holding the cleaned and peeled vegetables and fruit.

Wooden spoons. A small one and a larger one, with long handles.

Knives. Several thoroughly sharp paring knives.

A perforated spoon. For lifting peaches and tomatoes out of the boiling water into which you plunge them to facilitate removing the skin.

Dish-cloths. At least a couple of spotlessly clean dish-cloths for wiping off the tops of the jars before closing.

A funnel. For putting fruit-juice into the jars.

SORRY IF WE'RE LATE . . .

The war is taxing the nation's transportation facilities to the limit, and there will undoubtedly be delays in the delivery of your copies of Vogue. We regret the inconvenience to you, but this is a matter entirely beyond our control.

FAMED FOR OVER 80 YEARS

...OVER ALL THE GLOBE

Just as there is no substitute for Bacardi quality and flavor, there is, likewise, no rival to the measure in which it is esteemed throughout the world. Awarded 35 medals since 1862 in many different lands—it continues to merit universal acclaim. Today, as in the distant past, *nothing takes the place of Bacardi . . .*

AND REMEMBER . . . NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS

★

AWARDED 35 MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE SINCE 1862

A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936) RUM—89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1943

Stylecraft Lingerie, Inc., 38 East 30th Street, N. Y. C.

JOTTED DOWN

(Continued from page 27)

...In wartime especially, my clothes philosophy on the Island, as everywhere, is simply to look neat, appropriate, and inconspicuous.... (Never the sensational dress.)... I don't give much time to clothes, as mine are just correct, well-cut, and of good materials, allowing me to wear them for several years.... Since I can't be pretty, I try to look sophisticated, but, unfortunately, I always want to be dressed like everybody else.... When I am out I always feel dowdy, and wish that I had thought of getting *that* dress and wearing it *that* way...

...I remember particularly what my mother told me when I was about sixteen.... She said that coffee would make my skin yellow. I still can't drink coffee except for a thimbleful after dinner.... And she said, when I yearned for a beautiful purple dress, that purple was for the old. Now I have reached the age of purple.... What you learn in your childhood about clothes stays with you all your life. I was rather poor and had to buy clothes that would do for the morning, for shopping, for the afternoon—practical, long-wearing, all-day dresses. I still buy that way.... Although some women can buy three or four tailored suits at a time, I can't. One is enough.... Four or five dark afternoon dresses, all for the same kind of occasion, are equally difficult for me. For the same reason, I still like mostly dark dresses—they are easier to wear for a long time.... The training of being poor is the most valuable one in the world—even if being poor doesn't last...

...At Nassau, I have to be seen so often by the same people that I feel I must vary my clothes, and, although I love my little caps, I sometimes wear big hats for the sake of the audience.... For the Negro Bazaars, I like to dress up gaily, wearing veils and pins and bright gay colours. It seems happier...

...Food rationing is stringent in Nassau and grumbling about war's adjustments, about any kind of war rationing, bores me, infuriates me.... We have had no real meat for a long time, depending instead on warm water fish and so many chickens that sometimes I think we will fly.... My theory about food is simple: good, healthy, simple food, and no waste.... Although I am inclined to favour rich foods with fine sauces, I am not allowed to eat them. I never diet, but I do keep my weight around 112 by just being careful...

...For our constant dinners for military men, we depend on chicken, Nassau's famous turtle pie, fish mousse, and fruits, especially pineapple.... It is often so intensely hot that on Sundays we go to the *cabaña* on the beach with six or eight guests. We bring our lunch from Government House in thermos, and any hot food has to be reheated on electric heaters...

...It is always buffet, starting with a cold egg dish. Sometimes we have eggs stuffed with shrimp.... Then there is cold sliced chicken, and if we can get it, tongue or ham served with a bowl of cold vegetable salad.... The Duke has for his luncheon, all year 'round, a hot green vegetable, fruit compote, and maté...

...For dessert, we have perhaps papaya ice-cream, or a macédoine of fruits, and always a tray of American cheeses.... We have Brie, sometimes with breadcrumbs on top, Blue cheese, and, for me, American rat cheese. I love it.... We often serve left-over meats on those Sunday luncheons: lamb is curried; turkey is hashed; and anything else goes into our favourite Risotto Trianon, baked in a Pyrex dish. The risotto contains rice, macaroni, tongue, chicken, peas, and, on top, tomatoes and cheese...

...Decoration these days must be simple, and perhaps not lasting.... I always watch for the lighting.... Women's looks are spoiled by hard lighting, and, therefore, at Government House I paid most attention to the lighting.... Nothing is worse than a glaring light in a dining-room, spoiling conversation, destroying the feeling of informality.... Although our Paris house was entirely lit by candles, I could not do this at Government House. Only the dining-room is candle-lit...

...When I go to hotels, I immediately change the bulbs to lower wattage, and send out those big reflector lights.... I also move the furniture.... Soft colours in the house please me most—pale lemon, and pale lime, and mild blues.... I have never really lived in a house that was my own, in the background I wanted.... If I were building a house, it would be in the country—Georgian red brick with columns...

...When I see other people's little things around their houses, I get a feeling of sadness and regret for our things left back in France...

TASTE MEASURE

Do you prefer French to English furniture, classical music to swing, Whistler to Tchelitchew? Your choice is the clue to a new taste-game. To determine whether that taste is classic or fashionable, advanced or conventional, naïve or sophisticated, the editors of Vogue have prepared a quiz, "Your Personal Taste," for the August 1 issue.

AUGUST 1 VOGUE on sale at your newsstand July 23

War, Women and Lipstick—

A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn by Maria de Kammerer

by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional "woman's" work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It's a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man's work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman's lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it's badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else's—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother... *longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing "life" to your lips that defy both time and weather.*

BEAUTY—*glory of woman...*

LIBERTY—*glory of nations...*

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

POST-WAR PLANS

(Continued from page 43)

were made by a man long criticized for snobbism and aristocratic coldness.)

7. A Liberalized Domestic Policy for the United States directed toward the welfare of the majority, not the minority—policies which will enable us to lead the world by example.

The Hatch-Hill-Burton-Ball Resolution

DISTINGUISHED chiefly for concreteness, comprehensiveness, and strict non-partisanship, the Resolution has a threefold purpose.

(1) To establish once and for all that majority opinion in this country favours an international cooperative organization as the best means of assuring world peace.

(2) To define right now the Senate's future post-war foreign policy so there will be no prolonged haggling over senatorial ratification of the future Peace Treaty.

(3) To reassure our allies that we have no intention of returning to our pre-war isolationist policies.

(Because of the general tenor of these ideas, some reports say that Harold Stassen, Governor of Senator Ball's home state, Minnesota, was an influential factor in drawing up the Resolution. Early rumours that Under-Secretary of State Welles had a finger in it were soon quashed. Mr. Wendell Willkie lent his support only after it had been published. He telegraphed congratulations to the authors, and added "let me know if there is anything I can do to help.")

Specifically, the Hatch-Hill-Burton-Ball Resolution proposes a United Nations meeting right now to appoint a committee to coordinate allied resources during the war, and simultaneously to start planning the international political machinery needed after the war. The post-war projects which the four Senators propose for this United Nations Committee are:

1. A Program of Post-War Relief and Rehabilitation, which will include feeding and rehabilitating the countries which have been occupied by Axis forces and establishing temporary governments in Axis countries which will be occupied by Allied forces after the war.

2. A Permanent World Organization built upon the nucleus of the United Nations Committee itself. Eventually all nations will be admitted to membership.

3. A World Court for the peaceful settlement of disputes among nations.

4. A World Police Force. The last and most important function of the United National Committee will be to set up a United Nations Police Force. This force will consist of units designated to it by the various members, with the understanding that such units would be ordered into action immediately by the United Nations Committee to suppress military aggression on the part of any nation. Presumably, as the Committee is enlarged to include all the nations of the world, the United Nations Police Force will be enlarged to include forces of all nations.

Ely Culbertson, Bridge Champion and Unofficial Post-War Planner

The world knows Ely Culbertson primarily as a contract bridge champion. He is also, he believes, an expert in the field of mass psychology. To prove it, he has written *The World Federation Plan,* an elaborate sixty-four-page map of the post-war world. Without such a plan, Mr. Culbertson says, the world will flounder back into pre-war power politics, and so to future world wars. With it, he believes, America, with the cooperation of the other nations, can declare lasting peace on the world.

The plan itself is a system of international government, as neat and complex as a spider-web. It includes solutions for each of the world's ills—the problem of Indian independence, of Chinese economy, of African raw materials. Moreover, each solution fits neatly and surely into the over-all world government pattern, which Mr. Culbertson sets up in outline.

1. A Provisional World Federation Government to Carry Out a Program of Post-War Relief and Peace Settlement. If his Plan is accepted, Mr. Culbertson proposes that a provisional World Federation Government be established now, by agreement between two or more Allied nations, to act as a Supreme War and Peace Council for its members. Its first job will be to publish at once the proposed Allied Peace Terms. These will include disarmament of Axis countries, restoration of war loot, and the surrender of guilty leaders to the World Supreme Court for trial.

During the Two-Year Armistice Period (Mr. Culbertson is convinced that the interim period must last no longer) the provisional Government will organize a network of economic agencies for immediate post-war relief, set up temporary governments in defeated countries, and begin to establish the machinery of the permanent World Federation Government.

2. The Permanent World Federation Government. The purpose of this Government will be sharply limited to one and only one aim—the prohibition of war. It will implement, specifically and comprehensively, the Atlantic Charter. As a first step to setting up the World Government, all the nations will be grouped into eleven Regional Federations, like the forty-eight States. The central World Federation Government, like the Federal Government of the United States, will be elected on a representative basis by the Regional Federations. Also like our Government, the World Federation Government will have three branches—executive, legislative, and judicial. The head executive will be a World President, elected every seven years from a different Regional Federation. The legislature will consist of two bodies—a body of eleven World Trustees, and a body of sixty-six Vocational Senators.

3. A World Court. The judicial branch of the World Federation Government will consist of two bodies—a World Supreme Court (the final interpreters of the World Constitution) and a World Equity *(Continued on page 78)*

Cool Bedtime Make-up

Probably Utica Percale sheets are best known to you for their quality . . . because you have heard so often that "regardless of price you can buy nothing finer."

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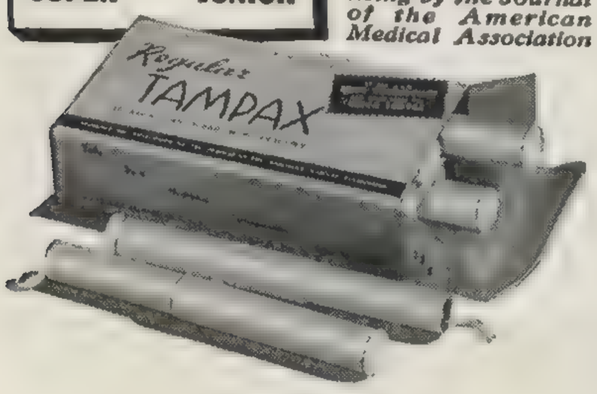

POST-WAR PLANS

(Continued from page 76)

Court (which will deal with all political, economic, and territorial disputes between nations.)

4. *A World Police Force* consisting of twelve separate armies, eleven contingents from each Regional Federation, and one international contingent called the Mobile Corps. The size of the Regional contingents will be determined on what Mr. Culbertson calls "The Quota Force Principle," which is rather like the more obscure passages of Browning—only the author understands it. This World Police Force will be the only body in the world armed with heavy weapons, and the manufacture, transportation, and possession of such weapons will be restricted to the World Federation Government.

5. *International Economic Control.* The powers of the World Senate, according to Mr. Culbertson's plan, will provide machinery for the long-term economic reconstruction of the world, and for the establishment of a World Bank, a World Commodity Corporation, and other Corporations to deal with trade, etc. The main job of these economic agencies will be to raise the general standard of living of the nations of the world, and to eliminate excessive trade barriers.

6. *Future Independence of Colonial Possessions.* Under the World Federation Plan, the World Government will assure higher living standards, better education, and eventual sovereignty to all subject peoples.

COMIC STRIPS AT WAR

(Continued from page 37)

weeks. He is Frank Miller, creator of Barney Baxter, whom I have previously neglected to count into the battalion of comic-strip draftees.

Barney is a bomber pilot. On Sunday, April 19, 1942, Miller's Sunday colour page had Barney Baxter and companions bombing Tokyo. The International date-line figured—Barney was thus bombing Hirohito's home town, on your breakfast table, at exactly the moment when Doolittle and his men were giving tea-takers in Tokyo a striking illustration of, shall we say?, the lengths to which realism in the American funnies can go.

Comic-Strip Scoop

At that, I suppose the fans who entertain no glimmer of a doubt of Barney Baxter's breathing reality will concede that Doolittle is realer still. The anticlimax, for artist Miller, was that newsprint news of the Tokyo blitz was delayed, and only a few of his thousands of fans tumbled in retrospect on the fact that their hero's biographer had hit the biggest comic-strip timeliness jackpot of all.

My own Terry, by the way, has in his scrapbook the record of an adventure also connected with Tokyo, a puzzling one, and one for which, to this day, I have no clue. A couple of years before Pearl Harbor, a major Tokyo newspaper pirated the Terry strip, running it with Japanese wording fudged into the "balloons." Japan was the only major nation where this kind of literary pirating was carried on, as a matter of ordinary business course.

But the especially odd feature of this particular theft was that the Terry strip, all through the period of the pirating, was out-and-out partisan in the Chinese struggle. Although its author ducked the possibility of State Department intervention by labeling the villainous butchers of China as "The Invaders," origin unspecified, the secret was pretty well broadcast by the facial types—the now familiar protruding teeth, and the flag of the rising sun.

Summing up, I should put it that the American modern realistic continued-in-our-next comic strip is both a perfect product and a perfect transmitter of public pressures. The comic strip is far and away more subservient to public pressures than those two other propaganda forces which have matured since the last war—the films and radio. The radio voice and the cinema shadow are infinitely persuasive. But they are ephemeral. A voice dies out of consciousness when it is stilled. Rarely does a film character survive the mid-week change of bill.

But, fool or hero, well drawn or botched, the comic-strip character lives on and on, taps you on your shoulder, says hello, more often than anyone in your life to whom you are not married. It has always amazed me that propaganda-conscious powers, like friend Russia and enemy Germany, have never picked up the comic-strip idea. I suppose that, in Germany's case, the product would be killed in the hatching, by some Gestapo Legree freezing the blood in the artist's veins and the ink in his pot with some pistol-point order to do Bringing Oop Vater Goebbels' way. Just now, by the way, the U.S.S.R. has brought to a head an extremely sensible negotiation whereby Russians will soon be following Blondie and Dagwood, Andy and Uncle Bim, while we will be responding to American reprints of the unmatchable Russian win-the-war poster art.

They Wanted Burma

As for a strip being the product of public pressures, I can testify, for, brother, I know! When the early draftees first began clamouring for pin-up girls, I thought I was very clever when I went to work and piled up a huge reserve of Dragon Ladies. That was what the college crowd had always written for. Well, what the American boy, torn away from the American girl, wanted from one artist named Caniff was not his somewhat Eurasian tickler of what have been called the lower appetites. They wanted Burma, the slangy number reminiscent of that girl who used to toss the wisecracks back at you from the next soda-fountain stool. They got her. I have quite a few surplus Dragon Ladies on hand.

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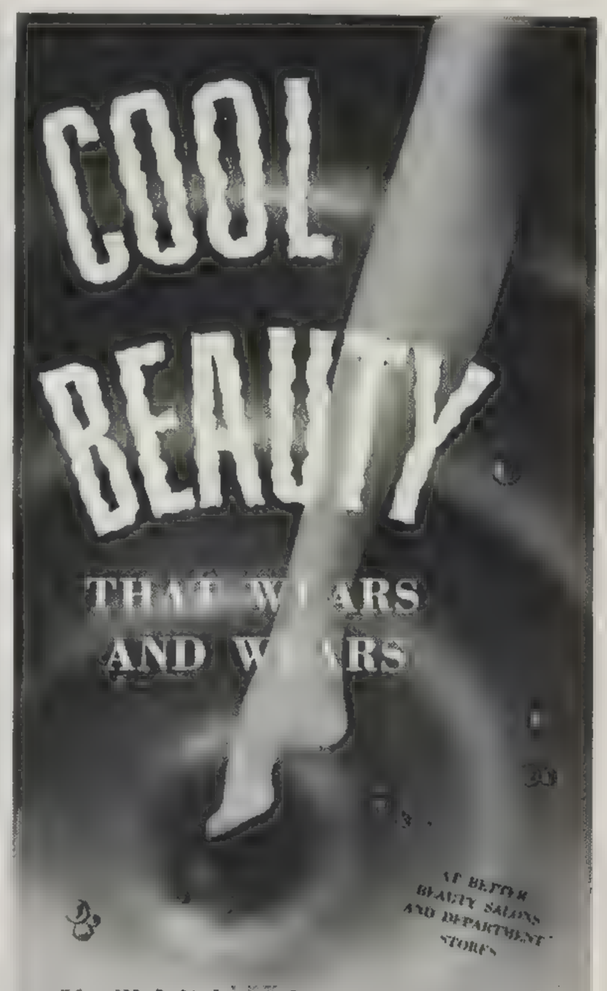

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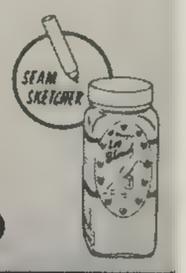

LEG BLEND

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THE LAST WIT

(Continued from page 31)

to a Hollywood star—not of the first magnitude—, and she informed him that she had just appeared in her twenty-fifth picture.

"Oh, really?" said Carey. "Under what name?"

Nor did he pull his punches even when the targets were the ladies of his own, his native southland. When he found himself at the circus with a belle from Dixie, the following dialogue ensued in front of Gargantua's cage:

"I declah, I sholy to goodness just cain't believe any nasty old ape was mah gran' daddy. Yo' all don't believe anything like *that*"—gesture at Gargantua—"was my gran' daddy, do yo' all?"

"Not your grand-daddy," he replied, gallantly. "Just kissing-kin."

Since he had no scruples about hitting a man when he was up, Carey's literary and dramatic criticisms were always irreverent and often refreshing. For example, he dismissed Saroyan with the comment that he was a frustrated writer. And a remark that was later exhumed and applied to Ralph Ingersoll originated, I believe, when Carey remarked of Jed Harris that failure had gone to his head.

Carey was lazy, irresponsible, insolent, spiteful, vain, petty, and vicious, and yet he could, when he cared to, charm the birds off their favourite trees. When I met him, he was forty and on the moth-eaten side, but I understand that when he first came to New York, he was—in the phrase of the day—"quite a dish; couldn't have been more attractive."

In 1938, however, his appearance was distinctly dingy he was a small, faded man, with thinning black hair, tired grey eyes, and a bad complexion. He walked with a limp—souvenir of a night when he rolled off a sofa and broke his leg on a gin bottle—and his clothes looked like what the wardrobe department would supply for a character cast as a shabby-genteel. His voice was quiet and pleasant, and he spoke with a marked Southern accent. Carey was born and reared in Atlanta, a circumstance from which he derived immense benefit, as it enabled him to call on his fellow Georgians—or, indeed, on anyone from below the Mason-Dixon Line—for food, lodging, and largesse. He had, as one of his long-suffering acquaintances said about him, the curious delusion that life was a party in his honour.

A demanding guest, he invariably asked for what he didn't see

Apparently when he was in wine, Carey's conduct was something for the books. One can not, however, dismiss him as merely an alcoholic. During the year I knew him, and for some months before, he never drank at all; and, as he spent nearly all his time in bars and night-clubs, this indicates a certain strength of character. What's more, it was essential for him always to be gay and amusing—for unless he was a good companion, who would buy his dinner?—and he must often have longed for something more bracing to the spirits than lemonade.

Even during his season of sobriety, however, Carey was an expensive and a demanding guest. Not only did he invariably linger until the last sheep was slain—and before the war, there were lots of sheep—but more often than not, his host had the choice of putting him up for what remained of the night, or else providing him with a home to go back to. Yet, although he was wholly dependent on the favour of his friends, Carey refused to be any man's stooge. He was quite willing to sing for his supper, but, in return, he expected to be treated like a prince; and what he did not see, he asked for.

(But he never went quite so far as did a certain actor. This gentleman, in the days before he began to be a financial success, set the all-time record for abusing hospitality. A friend of his, Courtney Burr, had just moved into a new apartment, and had gone to vast pains in decorating it. The wine-cellar, especially, was the apple of his eye; it was stocked with loving care, and contained, so Burr supposed, a supply adequate for several years. Since he was going away for a couple of weeks, he lent the apartment to the actor. At the end of a fortnight, when Burr returned, he found his fine new apartment in shreds, looking, in fact, as if it had been the scene of a baboon's birthday party. The guest had departed, but he left a note tacked on the door of the empty wine-cellar. It read simply: *"What! No Danziger Goldwasser?"*)

His past was unsavoury, and his future non-existent

Carey's benefactors were drawn from no particular set or station in life. From January, 1939, until his final fall from grace, the people who stumped up for him included a picture star, a Broadway columnist, a member of a renowned theatrical family, a newspaper executive, a real-estate salesman, a female café socialite, and a wealthy Middle Westerner. Since he was unprepossessing to look at, since his past history was unsavoury, and his future non-existent, and since his way of repaying his friends' kindness was by ridiculing them and all their works, the question naturally arises: why would people in their right minds put up with such a wretch, and not only put up with him, but pay for the privilege of being insulted?

The last time I heard from Carey was shortly after he jumped off a bridge near Peekskill. (He didn't die, he's still around.)

"I thought you'd like to know," he wrote, "that as far as I'm concerned, suicide is no worse than a bad cold—at least, that's what I'm convalescing from. The Hudson wouldn't have me; so I'm still a candidate for Potter's Field. I told the two fishermen who insisted on plucking me out of the river that if they ever dared show their faces in New York, all my pals would tar and feather them, but good! And don't tell me you're not saying, 'He's so right!'"

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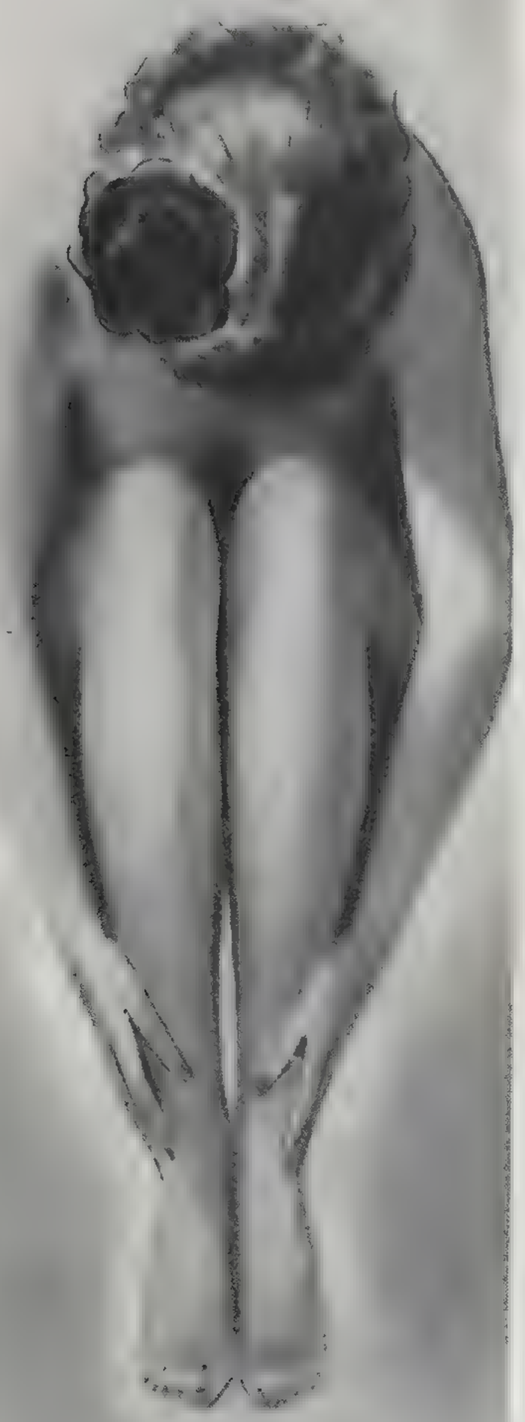

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I WORKED IN A CANNERY

A Junior League President writes about her work on the night-shift in an Oakland, California, canning plant

By Miriam L. Laird

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Laird, soft-spoken and Texas-born, is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate from Smith College, the mother of an eleven-year-old daughter. Last summer, Mrs. Laird worked in a local canning plant; this summer, she is officially recruiting women workers for the California Processors and Growers.*]

I HOPE I'm a better tomato peeler than I am a writer, but here's my story. One evening last September, I had comfortably settled down to the evening paper. It seemed particularly nice sitting there by the fire. I had been standing all day in the kitchen putting up tomatoes from our Victory Garden, for my servants had joined the others in the limbo of forgotten things. Suddenly my eye caught the headlines of an advertisement: "Help save the tomato crop. We need peelers for the night-shift at the cannery."

That certainly was a job I could do. I'd just finished a day of it in my own kitchen. I thought, "Why, any housewife could do that even if she's never been near a cannery before." I was discussing it with my husband when the telephone rang. A friend had seen the ad and wondered how I felt about it. Would we be able to gather together a few others and apply for the job? I told her definitely to count me in. We could turn our pay checks over to the Red Cross. Here was double-dividend war work.

I wish you could have seen us the next afternoon. Four of us drove out to the cannery to see the personnel manager. He turned out to be a very young man, in a bright green tweed suit, who couldn't seem to decide whether to be exultant at the sight of four more workers or sunk by our unconcealed lack of experience. But he was desperate for help, so he told us to report that same night. We were assigned to a half-shift, working from seven to midnight. We were to wear any kind of clean cotton dresses, flat rubber-soled shoes, and bandannas on our heads. We would do piecework. paid according to each unit of work completed, each pan of tomatoes peeled, each tray of cans filled.

Although really proficient workers make well over a dollar an hour, there is a minimum guarantee of forty-five cents. The Red Cross would net something, no matter how slow and inept we were.

Reporting for duty

We reported at the plant a little before seven that night. A courteous floor woman led us to our places. She gave us a peeling knife, which looked more or less like a sharp-edged spoon, and showed us how to use it. Then she walked away. We were on our own. Down the conveyer belt came the dish-pans of tomatoes, and, as each pan arrived in front of us, there was a man there to lift it onto our table. Although the tomatoes had been bathed in steam and the skins came off easily enough, we beginners were discouragingly slow. But by midnight our score of peeled tomatoes was nothing to be ashamed of.

At first I was so intent on tomatoes that I was barely conscious of the cannery itself, or of my fellow workers. Once I relaxed a bit I had a good look around. The cannery was well ventilated and well lighted. Of course, the cooking and steaming rooms were hot and muggy (but that work is all done by professionals).

We couldn't do much talking while we worked. We were concentrating too hard on tomatoes. Besides, the noise of the conveyers—a constant rumbling hum—made conversation difficult. A little Chinese girl next to me tried to cheer me on. But with her accent and the noise I couldn't understand anything she said. So I just smiled back at her and shouted something which she probably couldn't hear.

The regular hands mothered the amateurs

Each place at the table had a jump seat hidden under it. This worked beautifully as a resting device, but it didn't take us long to find that when we stood at our work the tomato-juice ran down our arms and into the pans, and when we sat it ran up our arms and down us. According to union rules, we had ten minutes off every two and a half hours. The plant had its own cafeteria, where we could buy hot or cold drinks.

We were not the only amateur workers. The cannery's office force had been released from daytime duties to work on the night-shift. Besides being a peeler, I worked on the sorting belt, and also filling huge cans earmarked for the Army. (This knowledge acted on me like the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner.") One night, just as I was beginning to feel a certain pride in the dexterity of my untrained hands, a big, red-faced, motherly woman standing beside me looked over and said with no trace of condescension, only friendly pity, "Honey, you'll never get rich at that rate." Her hands literally flew over the cans, and on her shabby, but neat dress she wore a pin with four stars... four sons in the Service.

It wasn't easy, and the first few nights our backs ached, every vertebra snarling with fatigue. But it didn't take very long to get used to the work. We gave up nail polish after our first evening, for the acid of the tomato-juice acted just like polish remover. But what counted was the tangible proof of our increased efficiency. Our wages rose about forty per cent.

All that happened last year. If the shortage of workers was so serious in 1942, think of the situation this year. Thousands of experienced cannery workers have taken on full-time jobs. Many of the men have been drafted or have gone into defense plants, shipyards, airplane assembly plants. Many women have also gone into war plants or have joined the WAACS, the WAVES, the SPARS, or the Marines. All this is necessary work. It's important, but so is processing food. Without enough to eat, a fighter can not handle his gun or plane. There *(Continued on page 81)*

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I WORKED IN A CANNERY

(Continued from page 80)

must be canned fruits and vegetables for our men in all parts of the world, in places where only processed food will arrive in good condition. And, in addition, there must be enough canned goods to prevent severe rationing here at home, to guarantee adequate food and vitamins in the winter months.

It's up to the housewives and clubwomen, the schoolteachers and college girls, the boys and girls of high-school age. They are the only people left to do this seasonal work. It's up to everyone of us to do this vital work and to be faithful to our jobs. After the crops are harvested, thousands of us will be needed, desperately and at once, because peaches, tomatoes, and spinach, and all the other perishable products—just like husbands waiting on street corners—don't take to delays. They sour and spoil.

If you live in areas near canneries, sign up with your nearest United States Employment Service office. Here trained interviewers explain the details of the work, the wages, the local working conditions. They can tell you how to secure extra gasoline if it's necessary for your transportation to work. Food processing ranks as an essential industry and the ration boards will cooperate, especially if you fill your car with other workers.

Sign up now so that the canners can estimate the number of workers available. If you aren't needed immediately don't fret, you'll be notified when there is work, and sooner or later you will be vitally needed.

Perhaps you'll call me an idealist, but besides saving the vital crops, I think those of us who work in the canneries are going to achieve something else. For many of us this will be the first time we've stood shoulder to shoulder with industrial workers. We will for the first time get to know them, get to understand them. And they in turn will learn more about us. They will see that we're willing to carry our share of the work. That we can and will work. That though we aren't as adept as they, we do our best. Perhaps besides helping to win the war, we will help to win the peace at home.

GRANDMOTHER AND MR. GLADSTONE

(Continued from page 35)

words: "May I request that gentleman, who has not once, but repeatedly, interrupted the flow of my remarks, to extend to me that large measure of courtesy which, were I in his place and he in mine, I should most unhesitatingly extend to him." The drunken man became sober, and spoke no more.

My two grandmothers differed as to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. Lady Russell supported Home Rule; Lady Stanley (the formidable one) opposed it. I remember an occasion when I was staying at Dover Street, and it was announced that Mr. Gladstone was coming to tea. My grandmother told us in considerable detail how she was going to put him in his place about the folly of making friends with the Irish; it appeared, in fact, that she was going to give him an elementary lesson in the art of politics. I looked forward to the occasion with pleasurable tremors.

At last the great man arrived. I was present, as a silent spectator, throughout his visit, but not one word did my grandmother utter of the marvellous speeches she had led us to expect. Instead, she was all honey and sweetness, as submissive as a young girl while he laid down the law in mellifluous sentences of involved, but faultless syntax. From this moment I was persuaded he was indeed a great man.

I had not always the good fortune to be a mere inactive onlooker in his presence. When I was seventeen, and had just acquired my first evening clothes, he came for the week-end to visit my other grandmother, Lady Russell. When my grandfather was Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone had served under him; to my grandmother, his visit was nothing out of the ordinary. She invited no one to meet him, and after dinner, when she and her unmarried daughter retired, I was left tête-à-tête with him to play host while he sipped his port. I can see the scene still in my mind's eye as vividly as if it were yesterday.

We lived in a house in Richmond Park, given to my grandparents for their lives by Queen Victoria. The dining-room had an odd wall-paper, representing trelliswork and landscapes adorned with birds of various imaginary species. Two vast, ornate edifices of Dresden china (a present from the King of Saxony) were posed on two cabinets that stood against the wall. The middle of the room was occupied by the large, round dinner-table, in one small sector of which Mr. Gladstone and I sat, while I prayed that the earth would open and swallow me up.

I knew it was my duty as host to make conversation, but try as I would no remark occurred to me. Nor did he do anything to make things better. After a silence which to me was agonizing, his great voice boomed out one sentence: "This is very good port they've given me, but why have they given it me in a claret glass?" I had not the vaguest idea of the difference between a port glass and a claret glass, and I could only stammer out a few incoherent noises.

Since that awful moment, I have felt that nothing equally terrifying could ever happen to me again. I have known six subsequent Prime Ministers, but none of them inspired me with awe; I have conversed tête-à-tête with Lenin, and felt him a mere mortal. But if hereafter I should meet Mr. Gladstone in the Elysian Fields, I should become once more the frightened, tongue-tied boy of that evening fifty-four years ago. Is the breed of great men extinct, or have I lost the faculty of new reverence? I do not know.

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